

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 7, 1961 25 CENTS

U.S.
CHESS CHAMPION
LISA LANE





The Austin Healey 3000 500, 1140, Paradise Cove, California

BMC has the inside track on outdoor fun!

Sun and fun... fresh air and the fresh, clean lines of a BMC thoroughbred sports car. Drink in the lean looks of an eager-to-go Austin Healey, MGA, Sprite or an all-new MG Midget. They're kicks to drive, too... whether you're in a pavement-blistering mood or just tooling around the block. Either way you'll appreciate that low pitched purr of power. Can't believe pleasure driving is possible? Then take a trial fun-run in a BMC sports car and discover why they've outsold, and out-pleasured, all the others put together. Your BMC dealer has a fun-run key waiting for you.

Going abroad? Have a BMC car meet you on arrival. Write for details.



Products of THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION, LTD.,
makers of MG, Austin Healey, Sprite, Midget and Austin cars.
Represented in the United States by Harlow Automotive
Corp., Dept. B1-6, 27 West 37th Street, New York 18, N.Y.

AUSTIN HEALEY



SPRITE



MG

Listen,
character.



Eighteen holes ago you
were unpoured gin, bottled
Rose's Lime Juice
and a fugitive from an ice
bucket. Now look at you.

The Great Gimlet. As
one pro to
another,
buddy,
you've
got taste,
style and class. Now
hold it right there
till I get this 5-iron
back in the bag.

Vodka also makes a Gimlet great. Formula: 4 or
5 parts vodka or gin to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice,
over ice, in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



NOW
HEAR
THIS...

OWENS DEALERS

Clear the Decks!

Time again for your Owens Dealers' annual "Clear-the-Decks" sale . . . time again for the BEST deal on the boat of your choice. Always the most boat for the money, throughout August an Owens in-board cruiser is a BIGGER-THAN-EVER value.

SUMMER SALE-AWAY . . .

Don't wait! Now you can afford to step-up to a brand new Owens. Your dealer will offer, this month, immediate delivery on all sizes, all models, at unbelievable reductions. This sale is timed to give you many more weeks of boating at middle-of-winter prices.

There's an Owens cruiser for every purse and purpose and chances are your two-weeks vacation money can be the down payment on the Owens of your choice . . . Make those 1961 vacation dollars pay for YEARS of boating pleasure, rather than just two fleeting weeks of memories.

**OFF SEASON DISCOUNTS DURING
THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON!**

**IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
COME IN—SAIL OUT!**




OWENS YACHT DIVISION

Bowditch CORPORATION

BALTIMORE 22, MD.



Contents

AUGUST 7, 1981 Volume 15 Number 6

Cover photograph by John G. Zimmerman

10 Problems and a Playoff

Jerry Barber and Don January derived an adversity as rule and some old golfers played the pros' big tournaments

12 Temptation of the Virgin Pass

Vietnam Gaidy Walter Bonard led six men in a tragic attempt to climb Mont Blanc via the Freney Pillar

16 Tee-hee and O Pshaw!

When the ladies were in on his private golf course, it's time for a man to head out for Africa

18 Over and In—the River

"Over and out" is not a proper radio call, but it fits perfectly the distress of two mariners on a German river

20 Saratoga: Where Horse Is King

Sark is the heart of the pleasant old community where the finest of Thoroughbreds race again this month

25 The Private Ordeal of Herb Score

Mystified by his own failures, a once great pitcher is trying to regain his powers in the minors

28 Babes in the Wilderness

A U.S. park ranger urges American travelers to leave their city habits behind when they go to the woods

36 Just a Japanese Roundboat

Japanese industrialist Genichi Kawakami is turning out round plastic boats with motors in the middle

48 Queen of Knights and Pawns

The intimate and unusual story of Liya Lene, a girl who is not only beautiful but a chess champion as well

The departments

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 6 Coming Events | 43 Charles Goren |
| 7 Scorecard | 55 Baseball's Week |
| 36 Boating | 56 For the Record |
| 39 Horse Shows | 58 19th Hole |
| 40 Fishing | 60 Pat on the Back |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue a year and *Soccero-Cosmo* (except paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices). Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This is not published in national and certain editions. Additional copies of *Soccero-Cosmo* available for purchase separately. E-143, Montreal, 961-045; Toronto, 961-965.

Advertisements on page 36

Next week

Vividly portraying the many moods of fishing, Photographer Pete Turner follows a fisherman through a day on a stream, showing his emotions as he lives in a world apart.

Carole Mandel, one of the best shotgun handlers in the business, and doubtless the prettiest, gives suggestions in a six-page instructional on the elements of trap and shoot shooting.

Arnie Schmidt takes a look at double swimming champion Murray Rose, whose reliable four-hour crawl year after year kicks babies into the faces of ambitious young newcomers.



Long before he became famous as Tarzan, the whole world knew Johnny Weissmuller in a different role—as the greatest swimmer of his day.

The human fish, as he was called, was five-time Olympic champ, as well as winner of fifty-two national championships. To some onlookers, it seemed that every time he hit the water another mark would fall. By the time he retired, he held every world free-style record from 100 yards to a half-mile!

Johnny Weissmuller was the idol of millions of youngsters. And it's men like him who, by their example, encourage our young people today to stay active, alert, in the peak of condition.

Our national leaders have pointed out the

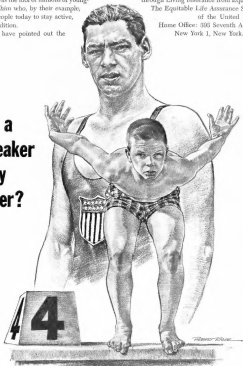
importance of physical fitness at this time in history. They have stated that we cannot allow our physical vigor to decline if we are to meet the challenges which face us today. They recognize the fitness of our children and young people as the responsibility of all of us.

To discharge this responsibility, it is essential that we guarantee youth the opportunity to develop at home and in the school. Equitable is proud of the millions of youngsters who have been given this opportunity through Living Insurance from Equitable.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society
of the United States.

Home Office: 300 Seventh Avenue,
New York 1, New York. ©1961

**Will he be a
record-breaker
like Johnny
Weissmuller?**



For a handsome 7 1/4 by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Johnny Weissmuller, to: Equitable, G.P.O. Box 1628, New York 1, N. Y.



© The Pure Oil Co.

Our customers are making stronger claims for **PURE Firebird** Gasolines than we are

When we introduced our two PURE Firebird Gasolines last March, we knew we had something. After all, five years of research and four-and-a-half million miles of testing had gone into these powerful new gasolines. We knew they'd deliver superior performance under all conditions. But even we were surprised by the voluntary claims of Firebird users.

Our customers tell us that Firebird is doing some remarkable things for their cars. Many claim they're getting from three to five more

miles per gallon. Others speak of no more stalling... no more ping or knock... a new feeling of power in take-off and passing.

Naturally, we can't vouch for everything they say. But it all adds up to this: PURE Firebird Gasoline is making their cars run better, farther—with greater economy. Why don't you try PURE Firebird Super with Tri-tane or PURE Firebird Regular. Your Pure Oil dealer has them for you now—at no extra cost.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY.

Fire up with PURE Firebird... BE SURE WITH PURE



? *When is the expression, "Oh, you're smart!" properly used?*

• When a lady's bluff but of a nickel in a \$5 pot is called by a worried male player holding a straight flush.

? *In mixed draw poker what does a final gasp mean after a player has asked for and received four new cards?*

• That the player did not mean to keep one card and throw away four—the meant to keep four and throw away one.

? *What is the next step?*

• If the player is a loser and potty, she keeps all eight cards; otherwise she must mean some of them.

? *With two, three, four and the joker wild, what are the odds, in draw poker, against transforming two pair into a full house?*

• Aren't two pair better?

? *What happens when a player bets out of turn?*

• She giggles.

? *Is it legal for a husband to give his wife advice on how to play a hand?*

• It is legal but risky.

? *Of the following hands, which is best: four aces and a king, a royal straight flush in hearts or a ghoul?*

• A ghoul—that is, three clubs and two red queens—which is beaten only by a monkey flush or a one-eyed tiger.

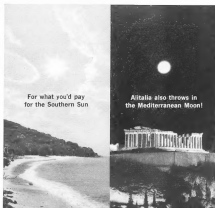
? *Is it ethical for a male player to split his winnings with his wife?*

• What winnings?

? *Who deals?*

• Meads, I think—or is it Tom? You go to the left, don't you? Who deals last? Was it the? Anyway, I remember I was admiring Mona's nail polish—Oh, I think it must be Alice—or Henry. . .

—RAN LARDNER



For what you'd pay
for the Southern Sun

Alitalia also throws in
the Mediterranean Moon!

Alitalia offers 3 Holiday Specials with Jet fare and all expenses paid at the finest hotels and restaurants!

\$648 For 17 days in Israel, Greece and Mediterranean Islands
Group departures every two weeks

Fly non-stop via Super DC-8 Rolly-Royce Jet to Milan . . . see fabbed Venice . . . then sail on a luxury cruise to Athens, Rhodes, Cyprus and Israel. You won't miss anything in this oldest of the world's newest countries—Haifa, Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Nazareth. And you return with a Mediterranean tan.

\$797 For 17 days in the Holy Land, Jordan, Egypt, Greece, Rome
Group departures every week

The New Testament will come alive as you visit all the Holy Shrines of the birthplace of Christianity. You'll see Bethlehem . . . The Basilica of the Nativity . . . Herod's Gate . . . Pilgrim's Judgment Hall . . . the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross . . . The Holy Sepulchre—a religious experience you'll remember forever!

\$583 For sunny Southern Italy—Rome, Naples, Capri, Pompeii
Group departures weekly, individual daily

If you can't see the whole world, Italy is certainly the next best thing. The first ten days you'll bask in the warmth of this wonderful country and its people . . . travel through villas and vineyards, the Blue Grotto of Capri, the works! Then you have an option of lingering a full week longer at comparably low prices.

YOURS FOR THE ASKING—a fascinating color brochure describing each holiday special in detail. Just check the trip that intrigues you most, fill out the coupon and send it to:

ALITALIA
AIRLINES



840 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y., Dept. 51-87

☐ Israel-Greece ☐ Holy Land ☐ London, Spain, Canary Islands
☐ Italian Cities ☐ London Gourmet & Theatre Trip

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

There are
just three
hotels that
still connote
fashionable
New York.

THE **GOTHAM**
is one



FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-FIFTH
In New York: CI 7-2820 • In Chicago: FI 6-2979
TV • AIR COCKTAILS • 3rd FLOOR DINING

Simply the Best

Chicago's most
famous Restaurant
HENRICI'S
Since 1888

No matter where you are, come by jet or car
Henrici's at O'Hare Inc., 251 mi. from Airport
and on Randolph between Greenleaf & Clark
11.0000
11.0000
Red Air Hotel

Imported
Bavarian
BEER

It is
1643
when
you
drink
**Würzburger
Hofbräu**
Unchanged for over 300 years
Original Bottling & Dist. Co. Inc., New York 16, N.Y.

RODEO SCHEDULE

Major events through August 12

AUGUST 3-5

Cassia County Fair and Rodeo,
\$2,625, Burley, Idaho.

Red Willow County Fair and Rodeo,
\$2,000, McCook, Neb.

16th Annual Marietta Rodeo, \$1,500,
Marietta, Okla.

Ski-Hi Stampede Rodeo, \$3,000,
Monte Vista, Colo.

Booster Club Rodeo, \$1,500, Oxnark,
Mo.

Dinosaur Round-Up Rodeo, \$2,000,
Vernal, Utah.

AUGUST 3-6

Roof-top Rodeo, \$2,500, Estes Park,
Colo.

Karnan' Biggest Rodeo, \$4,000, Phil-
lipsburg, Kans.

AUGUST 4-5

Fourth Annual Edison Rodeo, \$1,150,
Edison, Ala.

Pend Oeille County Rodeo, \$1,350,
Newport, Wash.

Yuba Sutter Rodeo, \$2,500, Yuba
City, Calif.

AUGUST 4-8

Days of '76 Rodeo, \$6,000, Dead-
wood, S.D.

Emerald Empire Round-Up Associa-
tion Rodeo, \$6,000, Eugene, Ore.

Jefferson County Rodeo and Horse
Show, \$2,000, Golden, Colo.

Hawley Rodeo, \$2,250, Hawley, Minn.

San Juan Basin Rodeo, \$2,500, Du-
rango, Colo.

AUGUST 5-6

Phillips County Rodeo, \$1,500, Dod-
son, Mont.

Torrance Rodeo, \$1,000, Torrance,
Calif.

AUGUST 5-7

Graeter Kankakee Fair Rodeo, \$6-
250, Kankakee, Ill.

AUGUST 5-9

Blue Earth Rodeo, \$1,000, Blue Earth,
Minn.

AUGUST 8-12

Midland Empire State Fair Rodeo,
\$8,300, Billings, Mont.

Caldwell Night Rodeo, \$6,000, Cald-
well, Idaho.

AUGUST 8-10

Coeur d'Alene Rodeo, \$1,250, Coeur
d'Alene, Idaho.

Phillips County Rodeo, \$1,000, Hol-
yoke, Colo.

AUGUST 9-10

Nebraska's Big Rodeo, \$8,540, Bur-
well, Neb.

Pikes Peak or Bust Rodeo, \$9,190,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

AUGUST 10-12

Mississippi Valley Fair and Expon-
sition Rodeo, \$3,000, Davenport, Iowa.

Hillside Rodeo, \$1,000, Grace, Idaho.

Lion Club Rodeo, \$1,500, Rank,
Texas.

AUGUST 10-13

Police Benefit Rodeo, \$2,666, Inde-
pendence, Mo.

Black Hills Range Days Rodeo, \$7-
000, Rapid City, S.D.

AUGUST 11-12

Eastern Colorado Round-Up Rodeo,
\$1,000, Akron, Colo.

Adams County Fair and Rodeo, \$1-
000, Brighton, Colo.

Cheyenne County Fair and Rodeo,
\$1,000, St. Francis, Kans.

AUGUST 11-13

Crooked River Round-Up Rodeo,
\$4,750, Prineville, Ore.

AUGUST 12-13

Stampede Rodeo, \$6,200, Omak,
Wash.

Prairie du Chien Rodeo, \$1,000,
Prairie du Chien, Wis.

END



--another bird, with the new DISTANCE DOT

Distance, distance, distance—and besides delivering the yardage you want, DOTs are tops for trueness. They're true on the fly—true on the green, and they stay whiter and scuff-free far longer.

Spalding's new DISTANCE DOT delivers maximum distance, performance and amazing durability ball after ball, game after game. Play the DISTANCE DOT. Sold through golf professional shops only.

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports

COMING EVENTS

August 4 to August 10
All times by E.D.T.

★ Color television ♦ Television ■ Network radio

Friday, August 4

FOOTBALL

- **CBS** **Colts** at **Atlanta** vs. **Philadelphia** Eagles, Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC).

HARNESS RACING

The Rank of the Southwestern, \$30,000, Wilmington, Del.

WATER POLO

A&U Jr. Men's Champs., Albuquerque (also Aug. 11).

Saturday, August 5

BASEBALL

- ♦ Pittsburgh at Cincinnati, 7:25 p.m. (CBS).
- ♦ Washington at Chicago White Sox, 2:00 p.m. (NBC).

RACING

Hennrich Trophy race, unlimited hydrex, Piquette, Ohio (through Aug. 8).

WRESTLING

Tolson vs. Fawcett, NBS middle-class bout, 12 p.m., Dallas, Texas, 10 p.m. (ABC).

HARNESS RACING

The Hudson Inv., \$45,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

Alabama Stakes, \$10,000, Saratoga, N.Y. (Saratoga National regional 5:15 p.m.).

American Derby, \$100,000, Arlington Park, Ill.

Bayling Stakes, \$100,000, Monmouth Park, N.J. (NBC).

POOLS

"Franklin Chen at Cityman," World World of Sports, 5 p.m. (ABC).

SWIMMING

Central-American Interzonal Meet, Washington, N.Y. (also Aug. 6).

TRAPSHOOTING

Division of Columbia State Shoot, Washington, D.C. (also Aug. 6).

Sunday, August 6

BASEBALL

- ♦ Cincinnati at New York, 1:37 p.m. (CBS).
- ♦ Washington at Chicago White Sox, 2:10 p.m. (NBC).

RACING

Smith Trophy race, unlimited hydrex, Seattle.

WRESTLING

Grand Prix of Germany, Hamburg, Germany. MAJCA, Grand Nat. division, \$10,000, Nuremberg.

POOLS

American Challenge Cup final, Cretchfield vs. England, New York.

TRAPS & POOL

A&U All Around Championships, Baltimore.

Monday, August 7

HORSE RACING

Shelburne Stakes, \$25,000, Saratoga, N.Y.

TRAPS

Saratoga Grand Court Champs., South Orange, N.J. (through Aug. 10).

Tuesday, August 8

WOLF

Apexwolf Pro-Am, \$1,500, Roy, N.Y.

WRESTLING

World Championship, Dole, Norway (through Aug. 12).

Thursday, August 10

GOLF

Lawrence City Open, \$10,000, Waterford, Conn. (through Aug. 11).

LPJA Kansas City Open, Kansas City, Kans. (through Aug. 11).

HARNESS RACING

The Yonkers Inv., \$115,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

"Eden Amner-Little Giant," Baltimore Sports Spectacular, 7:30 p.m. (CBS).

WRESTLING

A&U Jr. Women's Olympian Champs., Philadelphia (through Aug. 13).

*See local listing.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED AUGUST 7, 1981

SCORECARD

GRIM DECISION

The essence of the National Football League's contract with CBS, which has now been ruled in violation of antitrust laws, is that all NFL clubs would share equally in the money paid by the network to televise games. The reason for such an arrangement is that a team like the New York Giants, with a huge home-area audience, has no difficulty getting a good price for telecasts of its road games, while a team like Green Bay has difficulty even selling TV rights to its games. Obviously, therefore, if each team negotiated TV rights on its own, those in big cities would have a tremendous financial advantage over those in small cities, though both are selling the same commodity—NFL football. Indeed, many league owners believe that without a reasonable share of TV money some NFL clubs would be forced out of business.

Federal Judge Allan Grim's decision negating the contract has the effect of encouraging the rich to get richer and obliging the poor to remain that way, surely the opposite intent of antitrust legislation. In addition, the richer teams would inevitably become better teams, and the poorer teams would become worse teams. It seems to us too bad that a distinction before the law cannot be made between a sports association, to whose advantage (and the public's) it is to field evenly matched teams—and, say, a group of car manufacturers. Pro football, we agree, is as much business as it is sport, but it is a special kind of business and should be judged accordingly.

UMPIRE POLL

The poll has clearly become as much a part of baseball as the bat and ball. No aspect of the game goes unnoticed. To the old list of Most Valuable Player, best manager, outstanding pitcher and top rookie such newcomers as best sophomore and biggest comeback have recently been added.

Umpires, once faceless bodies of unquestioned integrity, are also getting the treatment. As listed in *The Sporting*

News, a poll of sportswriters, coaches and managers tells us which umpires are the neatest (Ed Vargo, Ed Harley, Jocko Conlan, Larry Napp and Cal Drummond), which are the least likely to eject players (Dusty Boggess, Bill McKinley and Red Flaherty) and which are the quickest at making decisions (Jocko Conlan, Charlie Berry and Larry Napp). We also learn that Frank Duscoli and Harley are the most difficult to talk to, the worst pop-offs and the biggest grandstanders. The most surprising of the 20 categories listed is "best knowledge of rules" (Al Barlick and Berry), because all umpires are supposed to know the rules thoroughly.

When the poll was published, Barlick—also one of the "most respected, most serious-minded"—became, in this instance, the quickest to call the play. He decided the poll was ridiculous. "What do the writers know about umpiring?" he asked. "All they know is what they're told." As for the category "most respected," Barlick said that the respect of players for umpires is such a fickle thing that it defies any attempt at analysis. In short, he noted the poll as most foolish and least likely to succeed.

IQs FOR QBs

If Mr. Lawson pays \$65 a month rent and earns a salary of \$3,120 a year, what percent of his salary does he pay for rent?

What is the opposite of diminutive: draught, large, inductive or reluctant?

If lemons sell at three for 30¢, how much will a dozen and a half cost?

A man walks two feet six inches per step and takes 100 steps per minute. How many feet does he walk in one-twelfth of an hour?

If the sequence of numbers is 4, 6, 3, 7, 9, 6, 10, what should be the next number?

These are samples of 126 problems that confronted the Cleveland Browns professional football team as their training camp opened recently at Hiram College. The players were given 20 minutes in which to answer as many of the questions as possible. Some finished the whole examination. Others skipped through and

marked down answers they were sure of.

A similar test is given the Browns each season to provide Coach Paul Brown with some idea of the mental capabilities of his players, particularly the rookies, most of whom arrive in camp with brand-new college degrees. Brown says that no perfect score has ever been registered.

"Some years ago the test showed that one of the candidates for our team would make a fine carpenter," he recalls. "And that's just what he eventually became."

GENTO, GENTO

So popular is handsome soccer star Francisco Gento, captain of the Spanish national team (31, July 3), that women sigh when he passes, children shout and men murmur, "Gento, Gento," in awe and admiration. In a country where the passion for soccer approaches hysteria, he is considered one of the most valuable national assets, especially as the days of world championship play approach. Imagine then the reaction from the Juan in the street all the way



to El Caudillo himself—when it was reported recently that Gento would soon leave Spain and his Real Madrid team to accept a huge offer from the Inter Club of Milan, Italy. Alan Shepard was quitting the U.S. to direct Russia's man-to-the-moon program!

Reporters besieged Gento. Yes, he said, he'd been approached by Inter, not once but four times. How much had they offered him? Sixty million pesetas, or one million American dollars—to be divided between him and Real Madrid, plus bonuses and living allowances. Yes, said Real's chairman, it was all true. Gento was free to leave if he chose.

Did Gento choose? He did not.

"When I was a lad," he said, "and just

—continued

starting to play professionally, I wanted the two things every athlete wants, fame and money. With Real Madrid I got both, more of each than I need. I have received, as the old flamenco song puts it, 'Love, tenderness and wealth.' Money isn't everything in my life. I am happy where I am."

Add our awe and respect.

TRACK STRIKE

The strike of backstretch employees that broke out suddenly at New York's Aqueduct race track was a sly sideshow combining irregular labor practices on the part of Local 917 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, evasion of real responsibility on the part of the New York Racing Association and stiff-necked stubbornness on the part of some horse trainers and owners. After a week of inconvenience to racing fans—many of whom stayed home—of loss to stablehands and other track employees, and of some violence, the strike gradually petered out. There is no assurance, however, that the problem has even been faced, let alone resolved, and renewed union activity is expected when the horses go back to Aqueduct after the Saratoga meeting (see page 20). There is also a chance strikes will spread to other tracks throughout the country.

What is the problem? The men who cool out horses after training or racing, who exercise them in the mornings and who do their housekeeping in the barns live under a loose paternalism. Owners and trainers with whom they have had friendly relations for years sometimes give them a handout to supplement their wages, which vary widely from barn to barn. A number of them have no other skills and are illiterate and could not command much in the labor market. However, some were sufficiently dissatisfied with their lot to respond eagerly when New York Local 917 of the Teamsters began organizing them last September. The union was authorized by the State Labor Relations Board to hold elections stable by stable, to determine whether it could act as bargaining agent. Up to Thursday, July 26th, the union had won 19 elections, lost 12 and five were in dispute. Then, claiming that its members were being threatened with firing, while trainers charged intimidation, the union called a strike—without waiting for completion of the elections. The union demands were \$75 a week for

hotwalkers, \$95 for grooms and \$125 for exercise boys, a six instead of seven-day week with provisions for overtime and recognition of the union as agent.

Trainers and owners were up in arms, and cried bankruptcy. Small stables that regularly go into the red have a case. Big stables that rarely show an annual profit either had bare tax benefits on their losses have less of a case. The New York Racing Association, which runs Thoroughbred racing in the state, assumed a pose of neutrality, but the union claimed that it was extremely active behind the scenes in helping to break the strike.

We believe that the union had no business calling the strike before it had won fair elections, but that owners and trainers must join the 20th century and deal responsibly with accredited representatives of their employees. We also think that the NYRA and the state (which takes in about \$350,000 a day from Thoroughbred racing) share a duty to help settle disputes and maintain the sport without strife.

EN MASSE

A "rocket start" was used in the National Association of Left-handed Golfers amateur tournament at the Sedgefield Country Club in Greensboro, N.C. last week. The purpose was to play a huge field—256 golfers—on one course between morning and evening in four days. Action began at 8:30 a.m. on all 18 tees simultaneously—128 golfers for the morning round, 128 for the afternoon. The rocket blasted off at the clubhouse and whap, whap, whap—like the Rockettes, almost—went the lefties. Naturally, there were complications—as when fourones were backed up by a high-handicap player who spent time in the rough on the hole ahead or by a stubborn one who refused to abandon the search for a lost ball. But the tournament went off on schedule, with players keeping score from where they started, and the winner was Ed Swannan, of Greensboro, with a 293.

The rocket start has a strong advocate in the lefties' president, Norman James. "The average golfer is delighted with the system," says James, who does nearly everything right-handed except when shooting golf or hitting a baseball. "It's just habit to start on No. 1 and finish on No. 18. If we remembered every hole, what would be the difference? Purely psychological." Anyway, it worked in Greensboro.

FACES IN THE CROWD



SHERYL SMITH of North Miami Beach, Fla. won 31-and-over singles title in the national girls tennis tournament at Chantanooga by beating Ann Roberts of Coral Gables, Fla. 6-1, 6-3 in final, also teamed with Ann to win 11-and-under doubles.



GEORGE FOULDS of Pittsburgh led pack through heat and rain in the national AAU swimmer 15-kilometer marathon in Chicago, ran nearly 100-mile long course in 48:39.3, finished first at University of Illinois at Chicago.



JOHN CHESNEY of Miami placed third in first race of three-race series for 44-44 class national junior sailing championship in the US with Doug Kenyon of Wake, Mass., in total points, but was told because he had placed ahead of Kenyon in previous two races.



JANICE LEE ROBERTS, 33-year-old mother of two from Woodland Hills, Calif., who has been firing since she was 8, won her sixth women's individual bid to be at national championships of the Amateur Firearms League in Los Angeles.



PEDRO VINALES, San Juan, P.R. jockey who had failed to book home a winning bet in 296 starts over 11 years, accomplished by a note as a 7-year-old horse named Cycles at the El Comandante track, donated his purse to charity.



DICK RICKARD, 17-year-old right-handed Little League pitcher from Houston, struck out all 18 batters he faced in a regulation six-inning game at Houston, hit a three-run homer in his Southern All-Stars team blanked Woodbury All-Stars, 9-0.

LARDNER'S WORLD

Ring Lardner was the best sportswriter in the country during the '20s. His son John was the best of a later generation, though he wrote equally well about many other subjects—television, war, the theater and the eccentricities of human behavior in general—before he died last year at 47.

John Lardner spared readers the sentimentality that pervades the work of some of his colleagues, and he never strained, as so many do, for the lush. His wit was dry, his ear sensitive, his fantasy hilarious. Now some of his millions of good words have been collected in *The World of John Lardner* by his friend, sportswriter Roger Kahn, with a preface by Walt Kelly, creator of the comic strip *Pogo*. In it are Lardner portraits of Titanic Thompson, leading hustler of his day, prizefighters Stanley Ketchel and Bartling Siki (who were both murdered), and Babe Herman; a critical essay on *The Great Spring Training Nightmare* in baseball; some of Lardner's superb war correspondence, and an unfinished history of drinking in the U.S. We recommend the book to all admirers of a warm and urbane mind at work.

SAN DIEGO INDIANS?

Cleveland baseball fans may be taking their last look at the Indians, because chances are good that the club will be playing in California next season. For reasons close to their pocketbooks, the American League club owners are anxious to put a second team on the Coast. The long trip out there for just a series with the Angels has proved a financial loss for every club except the New York Yankees. So some franchise must be moved to California, preferably a sick one, and right now they don't come much sicker than Cleveland.

Two years ago the Indians drew a million and a half fans (that was the first season Frank Lane got a nickel a head for everyone over \$100,000), but last year attendance dropped under a million. This season it is off another 230,000, even though the Indians have been in the pennant race for much of the time.

Two California clubs have been mentioned as prospective homes for the Indians. One is Oakland, across the Bay Bridge from San Francisco, where League President Joe Cronin comes from. Naturally Cronin would like to see his league represented there, but it is doubtful the area could support two clubs. Nevertheless, Oakland is prepar-

ing to build a stadium for a major league team.

Next is the growing (naturally) community of San Diego. C. Arnold Smith, owner of the San Diego Padres, has been talking with Hank Greenberg, a great wheeler and dealer, about buying a club, possibly Cleveland. If the Cleveland owners decide not to sell, they may move the team to San Diego anyway.

William R. Daley, board chairman and principal owner of the Indians, told Cleveland Columnist Gordon Cobbledick that no one in authority has seriously considered the move. Daley had ambitious plans, all based on staying in Cleveland. It sounded just like one of those votes of confidence.

THEY SAID IT

- Ted Williams, now supposedly mellowing in retirement, on whether his bitter feuds with sportswriters had been exaggerated: "Hell, no."
- Sam Snead, on the layout of the Olympic Fields course near Chicago, site of this year's PGA championships: "These golf architects make me sick. They can't play golf, so they try to rig the courses so nobody else can play either."
- Jackie Sherrill, Dallas sports editor, on Don Drysdale, L.A. Dodger pitcher and TV actor: "A baseball in the large right hand of Don Drysdale is equal to a machine in the grip of most people. He is quite strong enough to throw a soft-boiled egg through a battleship."

\$2 BARGAIN

Half of all football injuries occur in the mouth area, and too often a lifetime of dental misery is the result of an afternoon's play. Now, parents and players will be happy to learn, something is being done on a national scale to stop this. Through the cooperation of the American Dental Association, the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation and several sports groups, a pilot plan is in progress in two counties of the state of Washington supplying custom-made latex mouth protectors to high school players at a cost of \$2 per protector. It has been extremely successful, and this fall no junior high or high school youngster in those areas will be allowed to play without a protector. By next year they will be available to every high school and college player in the country. Compared with the hundred-odd dollars per player spent for other equipment, a \$2 protector is the sport's biggest bargain. **END**



TAKE Alka-Seltzer®

FOR THAT FEEL-BETTER FEELING

When headache or upset stomach is spoiling your fun, get that feel-better feeling with ALKA-SELTZER.

ALKA-SELTZER tablets become liquid relief. It speeds through your system to relieve that headache, settle your stomach, fight fatigue.

There's nothing quite like ALKA-SELTZER to help you freshen up and feel better fast. So, whenever sport takes you, take your ALKA-SELTZER along.

FOR THAT FEEL-BETTER FEELING



WILL PRODUCTS
Division of Will Laboratories, Inc.
Elkhart, Indiana



RAIN, STRAIN

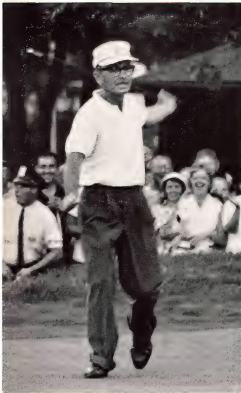
by ALFRED WRIGHT

Deviously must certainly be the word for Jerry Barber, the new Professional Golfers' Association champion. Twice in two days last weekend, the Californian worked his way from behind to overcome the lead of Don January, the young man from Dallas who came within a whisker of winning.

Barber gained his victory in an 18-hole, Monday afternoon playoff after the two golfers had tied on Sunday with 3-under-par scores of 277 for the regulation 72 holes. On mid-afternoon of Monday, Barber stood on the tee of the short 14th hole trailing January by a stroke. He proceeded to birdie the 14th with a 2 and the 15th with a 3 to take the lead, each time with marvelous long putts. January pulled even again at the 16th with a fine birdie putt of his own, and so it went until each parked his ball in facing bunkers bordering the 18th fairway, 180 yards from the green. Barber now hit the decisive shot that won him the tournament—a three-iron to within 18 feet of the flagstick. Two putts, and his ball was in the cup. January missed his uphill 10-footer for a tie and the 90 holes of sweat and strain in the worst kind of July heat had at last paid off for the wiry little pro from the Withshire Country Club in Los Angeles.

When Barber and January started playing what was supposed to be their final 36 holes of the tournament on Sunday morning, they stood two strokes apart. Barber, with the only two consecutive sub-par rounds—a 69 on Thursday and a 67 on Saturday—was four under par at 135. January was tied with Doug Sanders at 138, thanks to a spectacular 66 on Saturday, just one stroke shy of Lawson Little's 21-year-old competitive course record at Olympia Fields. Nearest to them were Ari Wall Jr. at 139, the

EXUBERANT #6 by eventual winner Barber celebrates 60-foot putt that took tournament into a tie and gallery into ecstatic adoration.



AND A WIN

Foul weather and worse tempers marred pro golf's biggest championship, but a trio of remarkable last-round putts and a steady hand in the playoff carried the day for Jerry Barber

defending champion Jay Hebert, Ted Kroil and Ernie Vossler, all tied at an even par 140.

Until this point the 1961 PGA championship might more aptly have been called the Snakebit Open. Just about everything had gone wrong that night here. The players had been complaining from the start about the overback fairways that had the depth of a carpet in a courtesan's boudoir. The entire day's play on Friday had been washed off the books when a light morning drizzle suddenly swelled into a dense, two-hour deluge that damped more than an inch of rain on the course before it let up in midafternoon. Tommy Bolt, who can no more move without controversy than an automobile can travel without gas, had quit the tournament just before the Friday rain-out following a string of bogeys he claimed "muscle spasms" in his back) and then had been reinstated because Friday didn't count. At the 12th hole on Sunday's first round, he sent word to the clubhouse that unless an osteopath appeared at the 13th (which he later bogeyed) he would quit. This was short notice and no osteopath materialized. Bolt stalked to the clubhouse and swore at several club members. For the noise, anyway, he has ended his truce with his temper and, sadly, his association with the PGA, which, for his language, suspended him indefinitely.

But Bolt's squall was not the only one on Sunday morning. At 7:40, a shorter storm that nevertheless could have given acres and acres to the most violent Bolt tantrum, tore at the golf course and poured nearly another inch of water on it. It was in this setting, some two hours later, that Barber and January began their morning round together with only meager galleries following them. Remembering how Barber in 1959 had led and lost this same championship in the final few holes, and how January finished three strokes behind the winner in 1960, skeptics in large numbers were already looking for the eventual winner among

some of the other close contenders. That, however, was a mistake. January shot a brilliant morning round of 67 to go five under par for the 54 holes, and Barber's very respectable 71 left him only two strokes astern at 207. The nearest to them as the final 18 holes began in the afternoon were young Wes Ellis Jr. and aging Ted Kroil—each three strokes behind Barber at an even-par 230.

The golf that followed for the next five hours and more between two such opposite personalities as Barber and January won't be soon forgotten by the thousands who slipped and slithered through the mud in pursuit. January, as then as a frontiersman from his native Texas, is a 6-foot Southwesterner who seldom opens his mouth except to stick a cigarette between his teeth. He strikes the golf ball with a graceful, languid motion and glides along the fairway in a stammering gait, usually with the back of his scarlet cap pulled tightly over his hawklike features.

Barber, at 45, is 14 years older than January and as chipper as a hummingbird. Only 5 feet 5 and weighing but 137, he is one of the smallest men ever to reach success on the golfing tour. He expresses himself well and glibly, giving an acerbic edge to many of his remarks.

The fourth round

Throughout their first nine holes, January seemed completely self-possessed. He had a birdie 4 on the first hole and followed it with eight conventionally executed pars. Barber, meanwhile, was scrambling to keep up, holing out a 50-yard approach shot on the 3rd hole for his par, bogeying the 5th and finishing with four straight 3s to hold January's margin down to the original two strokes.

On the 10th hole, Barber topped his drive into a creek just a few yards in front of the tee—like any Sunday duffer. He ended with a double-bogey 6, and as January continued to click off the pars when he needed them, and the four-stroke difference seemed insurmountable

and the outcome only a matter of time.

But what a time it was! It took their throats an hour and a half to play the 10th, 11th and 12th holes as each shot was measured and remeasured with a surveyor's agonizing precision. Like one of Eugene O'Neill's more lurid four-acters, the suspense lay not so much in how it would end as when.

It was 7:30 Sunday evening when the players reached the 16th hole, and poor Ernie Vossler, the third member of the group and by now well out of the running, must have been getting very hungry indeed. The gallery, too, was getting impatient, shouting and shouting from fairway to fairway like a lynch mob. Yet what they now saw had been worth the wait even if it wasn't classical golf.

As he drove from the 16th tee, January still had his four-stroke advantage, but he put his drive into the long rough bordering the fairway and lost a stroke to par with a 5. Barber, who had reached the green in two, sank a 20-foot curling putt for a 3, and now the lead was cut to two strokes.

At the 17th, Barber flabbed another tee shot and this time had to sink a 40-foot putt just to save his par.

At the 18th, still resting with apparent safety on his two-stroke cushion, January drove long but landed in a bunker to the left of the fairway. He wisely selected to play safety for his bogey 5 on this 436-yard hole, for Barber's second shot, while on the green, was a good 60 feet from the hole. January got his 5 all right, but by then it was too late for victory. In the oncoming night, Barber had already sunk the 60-footer—his third miraculous putt in as many holes.

"After I holed out that shot on the 3rd hole," said Barber, "I made up my mind I would never give up. Golf is a funny game. Even when I was so far behind at the end, I kept reminding myself that something would happen—maybe the sky would fall in."

But persistence—not a miracle—won for Barber.

END



TEMPTATION OF THE VIRGIN PASS

Often attempted, never conquered, the Freney route up Mont Blanc lured Walter Bonatti and six others on a sunny July morning. Only three returned from one of the most tragic Alpine climbs in 20 years

by GORDON ACKERMAN

In late spring the snow melts around the base of Mont Blanc and trickles off in streams and rivulets down into the deep valleys on each side of the mountain. Mont Blanc is the highest point in western Europe; it looms up on the Alpine range on the border between France and Italy, just below Switzerland. It is more than 15,000 feet high and looks down on the village of Courmayeur on the Italian side and Chamonix on the French side. These are picturesque resorts for skiers and mountain climbers and are tied together by the highest cable car in the world.

By June most of the skiers have left and the time has come for the mountain climbers. Some of them are dabblers but many are men to whom climbing is a passion and a *raison d'être*—like Pierre Mazeaud, a 36-year-old Paris law professor; or Antoine Vieille, a student and the son of a French admiral; or Robert Guillaume, who three years ago left his job in a Paris bakery to learn climbing and to prepare himself for the next French Himalayan expedition; or Pierre Kohlmann, a French civil engineer who found his love for mountains four years ago when he doubled for the hero of a French adventure film during an Alpine sequence.

To men of this kind Mont Blanc is

not only a thing of beauty but also a challenge and temptation. The greatest temptation of all is the Freney Pillar on the Italian side, which begins at 12,500 feet and reaches, in a massive wall of snow, ice and red granite, up to 15,000 feet, not far from the summit itself. Many good climbers have tried for the summit by way of the Freney but none has succeeded.

The view from Bonatti's window

Walter Bonatti, 31, and one of the best Alpinists alive, has tried it a dozen times. At 16 he left his family to work nights as a machinist so that he could learn mountain climbing during the day. At 17 he saved a party of nine French and Italians stranded in a hailstorm on the north wall of Mont Blanc, and at 18 he climbed to the summit of Mont Blanc alone. He has also climbed in the Dolomites and Himalaya, making the triumphant ascent of K-2 in 1954. Bonatti lives in Courmayeur with his wife and family three miles from the base of Mont Blanc. He is a tall, broad-shouldered and tranquil Italian, possessed of that character compounded of tenacity, self-assurance and sincerity which distinguishes so many mountain people. He has lived in Courmayeur for 14 years, and from the windows of his home he can look at Mont Blanc and the Freney, the virgin trail Bonatti was known in the man to see if you wanted to climb a mountain.

In June, Bonatti had a phone call from an engineer and climber in Milan named

Roberto Gallieni. He had never met Gallieni but knew of him as a devoted and impassioned amateur who wanted to be a guide himself and who had done some good work in the Dolomites and Aosta Valley range near Turin. Gallieni asked Bonatti if he wanted to try the Freney. Bonatti did. He suggested they find one other professional climber; then the three of them could start the climb early in July with Bonatti as guide. "We'll get the virgin," Gallieni said.

Bonatti found the third man the next day. It was an easy choice; only two months before, he and a 30-year-old climber from Merano named Andrea Oggioni had climbed together in Peru, and they had talked of the Freney then. Oggioni was Bonatti's best friend, and he agreed at once to make the Freney attempt.

On July 4, a Saturday, Oggioni and Gallieni arrived in Courmayeur. They had dinner with the Bonattis and talked about Freney, planning the trip. They had their equipment and wanted to leave immediately. They started early Sunday, taking the cable car up to the Helbronner shelter at 10,000 feet, each with 50 pounds on his back. From there they began a lateral trek across 8,000 feet of ice and snow toward the *Aiguille Noire*, the Black Needle, where they would bivouac Sunday night before starting the 2,500-foot vertical ascent up the Freney to the summit of Mont Blanc. Bonatti liked the look of the weather; the sky was clear all the way into Switzerland and France and down into the Aosta

STRONG FACE of Walter Bonatti detaches in emotion after his rescue from the disastrous adventure on the stormy slopes of Mont Blanc.

Valley. Bonatti led, followed by Gallieni; Oggioni was last, carrying most of the equipment. The snow was soft only to a depth of six inches. On the way Bonatti thought to himself: if the weather holds up like this we should make it all right.

On Sunday afternoon, when they stopped to rest, Bonatti saw, coming down over an ice rise 900 feet above them and a half a mile away, four other climbers. He could see through his binoculars that they were carrying equipment for a long climb. The first man carried a pickax from which a small triangular French flag flew in the cold wind.

The four moved quickly across the ridge and came trotting toward the Italians through the light snow, their faces covered with grease against the wind and sun. The leader came up to Bonatti and they embraced and shook hands; he was Pierre Mazoud, the Paris professor, who had met Bonatti many times. The other three were also known to the Italian: Antoine Vieille, making his first important climb; Pierre Kohlmann and Robert Guillaume. They had left Chamonix, on the French side, Saturday, and taken the cable car to 11,000 feet, marching downhill all day Sunday to reach the entrance to the Freney. Like the Italians, they hoped to be the first to reach the summit by the Freney route.

Bonatti and Mazoud, the two leaders,



MONT BLANC ROCK-UP shows the climb and the casualties. When the storm came the seven men were about 340 feet from the summit at 3. They were forced to retreat to ice crannies at 2 where they spent three days and nights. On the trip down to Gando hut, Vieille died at 4, Oggioni at 5, Kohlmann at 6 and Guillaume at 7.

ANTOINE VIEILLE WAS THE FIRST TO DIE



ROBERT GUILLAUME PERISHED 40 FEET FROM SAFETY



stepped away from the others and talked together. Bonatti explained that his group was trying the same thing: why didn't they join, he suggested, all seven of them, and try it together? It would be easier with seven: roped together they could resist an avalanche or storm. It would be a French and Italian climb, just as Mont Blanc is a French and Italian mountain. Marmad thought it was a fine idea and so did the others. And so at sunset, as the acres of snow and ice turned to amber, the seven men bound themselves to each other with a single rope and in single file started toward the Black Needle peak.

The men got on well together; Bonatti, Gallieni and Oggioni spoke French, and after dinner at the Black Needle they sat inside their tents and talked, listening to young Guillaume joke about his work as a baker and wondering how any man could do work like that when there were mountains to climb; listening to Vieille tell that he would be drafted in August and hoped to get into the ski zone; Bonatti was somewhat worried about his family, as his wife thought he was just visiting the Bonattis in Courmayeur. Kohlmann, who was deaf in one ear, talked little but like the others listened carefully whenever Bonatti spoke. The seven had a lot in common. They were among the 20 best Alpinists in the world, and even Vieille, 22 and the youngest present, was considered a brilliant and resourceful climber.

At 10 p.m. they closed their sleeping bags and went to sleep. In Courmayeur, 11,000 feet down, Bonatti's wife stood at the window of their bedroom and imagined that she could make out the Black Needle, where her husband had told her they would camp the first night. In Milan the Italian meteorological service issued a report indicating the formation of a low-pressure area over the Aosta Valley which by late Tuesday would move northward to form a heavy cloud layer over the Franco-Italian Alpine range, with rain or light snow possible at high altitudes.

From the Black Needle upward

Monday morning the hard work began. Crossing the ice field had been easy, but the route from the Black Needle upward through the Freney to the summit was solid granite and ice, almost 3,000 feet of it. The men started at dawn with two flags, French and Italian, waving in the polar-cold wind.

Through Monday and Tuesday they climbed in fresh snow toward the summit. They made little headway; the winds had become stronger, driving the snow into soft and treacherous drifts. Each hour Bonatti and Marmad stepped to rest and check the condition of their men. Vieille had slowed down a little at the end of Monday's climbing; Marmad had asked how he felt, and when Vieille said he felt wonderful but cold, the Italians had given him an extra windbreaker.

Bonatti was also worried about Guillaume, who was one of the best French climbers of his generation but who lacked experience on rock ledges and cliffs of the kind the team would encounter before they got to the summit. But Monday night when they camped, Bonatti had found Guillaume confident and in good shape. By noon on Tuesday, when they stopped to eat a lunch of canned meat and milk, Bonatti and Marmad agreed that the Freney was nearly licked. They could see the summit no more than 500 feet above them, looming blinding-white against the purple sky. They decided to climb till sundown and then camp only 240 feet from the summit, attacking it at dawn Wednesday. Looking down behind him, Bonatti could see the ice plain they had crossed together Sunday, vast and vacuous, its granite ridges shining in the sun.

At 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon the seven men were 270 feet from the top. They could see it directly above them, at the other end of a granite cliff covered with ice. Bonatti turned to look down once more at the ice plain, and it was gone. A layer of fog had come within half an hour, obscuring the whole valley and village. Marmad motioned overhead; Bonatti looked up and saw heading their way a massive layer of gray clouds that extended a hundred miles into Switzerland. It was the last thing he was to see clearly for many days.

Within an hour, the clouds swept over

Continued on page 44

PIERRE KOHLMANN WENT BERSERK AFTER NIGHT OF HORROR



ANDREA DODIGNI DIED WITH HIS HAND IN SALUTE

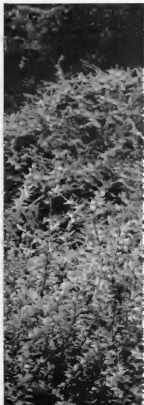


Tee-hee and O Pshaw!

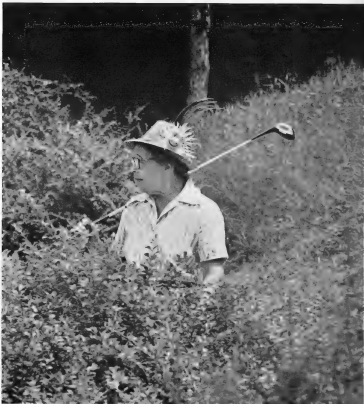


THE "PRETTIEST WOMAN in Pooling." Margaret Johnson, partly regrets a divot, while Mrs. Clifford Smith (right) seeks a ball in the rough.

Photographs by Tony Truitt



These ladies are guests of Lowell Thomas, who understandably is hiding elsewhere. Once a year Mr. Thomas opens his private golf course in Pawling, N.Y. to a group of golfing clubwomen at a time when "I usually have to be in Africa." The festivities this year were much as usual—the usual number of balls deep in the pond, the usual number of ladies deep in the rough and the usual number of divot holes deep in the greens. But a good time was had by all, including Mr. Thomas, who was not in Africa but playing golf himself—three miles away.





Over and In—the River

Photograph by Robert Lockwood



Rafines, who never use it, claim that it means nothing at all. But to most teen-agers of the electronic age the only way to conclude anything is with the phrase "over and out." These two contestants in the annual world canoeing championships in East Germany are probably not teen-agers, but there is no question that for them this canoe race, at least, is concluded. Over and out.

SARATOGA: 'WHERE HORSE



IS KING'

This is the traditional boast of the pleasant upstate New York community whose magnificent racecourse holds its annual meeting in August, when New York City's tracks are closed. Here, horse and rider gallop through a workout in early-morning haze. For more on Saratoga, turn the page

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



EVER SINCE GETTYSBURG . . .

Saratoga has been called many things since its first meeting in 1863, just five weeks after the Battle of Gettysburg. Even today one hears such phrases as "the graveyard of favorites," "the dowager queen of the American turf," "the proving ground of champions," "the most beautiful race track in America." It is all of these, and each year it takes on added significance for people who genuinely love Thoroughbred racing.

Last week, the pleasant and ancient course prepared to go about its business for the 93rd time. Men played horses across the beautiful green infield to give the grass a brighter glow, and the fountain in back of the tote board sent graceful sprays of water high into the afternoon air. Swans glided peacefully on the infield lake, and florists staffed geraniums into the boxes on the front of the red grandstand. A boy with a rag dashed off the Currier and Ives prints in the main clubhouse bar, and a tree surgeon walked through the elmed shade of the huge paddock and announced that no major surgery would be necessary.

This season the track will probably have the finest meeting in its long and proud history. Whether it will be a financial success (and it seldom is) will depend on just how deeply the fingernails of the current recession have dug into the economy of the cities surrounding Saratoga. Albany, Schenectady, Troy, Glens Falls and Saratoga itself have had a bad year financially, and these cities supply the majority of patrons at the track.

For a part of the week, however, things could not look brighter, though only a few days ago there was some question of whether there would be enough horses on the grounds to hold any kind of a meeting.

Most of the horses scheduled to race at Saratoga have been stabled at Aqueduct and Belmont, where efforts of the Teamsters Union to organize groomers and other backstretch workers have led to picketing and a strike of some stable employees. The problem was how to get the horses out of Aqueduct and Belmont and up to Saratoga without running the gamut of possible violence on the picket lines and without using Teamster horse-van drivers who refused to cross the lines. It was solved by logistics that

would do credit to wartime troop movements.

The horses were loaded on trains at a rail siding in Elmont, Long Island. They went through the Sunnyside yards in to New York's Pennsylvania Station, then out of the station to Stamford, Conn. From there they went back in to New York's Grand Central Station, then north to Albany, with a short stop at Harmon to change engines, and on to Saratoga. There, private vans took the horses to the track. The normal six-hour trip took 14 hours. Other private vans were roused up the New York Thruway, escorted by state police; at the Saratoga city line local police continued the escort to the track. By last weekend there were more than enough horses at Saratoga to assure a successful meeting. A few pickets appeared at the track but Saratogans, whose year-long economy is geared to the one month of racing (nearly \$3 million in hotel revenue alone), were breathing easily.

Beginning with this Saturday's \$50,000 Alabama for 3-year-old fillies, Saratoga will have the best horses in every division appearing in at least one race. The Alabama, over a distance of a mile and a quarter, will bring together, for the first time, Brookmeade Stable's Bowl of Flowers and Darby Dan Farm's Primrosea. While most people feel that Bowl of Flowers is far superior to any of the current group of fillies and perhaps even better than the best of the 3-year-old colts, a few doubters believe that Primrosea will give her a good test. Eddie Arcaro will ride Bowl of Flowers and Willie Shoemaker will ride Primrosea, and who could ask for anything more? The 3-year-old colts get their chance in the \$75,000 Travers on August 12. Right now it looks like Carry Back against the field, and if he can even imitate his form of early spring he should be very much the best. Ambiguose is the Travers dark horse; he is extremely partial to the Saratoga racing surface.

Year after year Saratoga provides 2-year-olds with a chance to show their real worth in five major stakes. The Hopeful, at six and a half furlongs on closing day, August 26, is one of the

most eagerly awaited races of any season. The list of winners of the Hopeful reads like a chart of American racing itself—Regret, Man o' War, Morvich, Whirlaway, Devil Diver, Relic, Middle-ground, Battleground, Native Dancer, Nashua, Needles, First Landing, Hall to Reason. The indications are that this year's crop of 2-year-olds is one of the best of recent years, though the majority of good eastern youngsters have not yet been to the races. In the next few weeks Saratoga will demonstrate which colt will be the favorite for the rich fall races and perhaps next year's Kentucky Derby as well.

This season, for the first time, Saratoga will have turf racing on its program. A new one-mile grass course has been completed and it gives the track three surfaces on which to conduct racing—the main track, the turf course and the vicechaise (and handle) course. Two major grass races will be run over the new course, and Racing Secretary Tommy Trotter plans to fit a turf race into the regular program as often as possible. Harbor View Farm's fine grass runner, Wellman, can go either for the Bernard Baruch or the Sanford, both worth \$25,000.

The turf course is one of several improvements which the New York Racing Association has made this year. Each improvement is a good one and has been tastefully accomplished so that the rustic charm of the old track is not defaced in any way. A new grandstand, seating 700, has been added; an additional elevator has been installed in the clubhouse, and an escalator will service both grandstand and clubhouse.

One of the most important facets of any Saratoga season is its annual yearling sale, conducted just a few blocks from the main entrance to the track itself. This season the sale runs from August 7 to 11, and on August 11, it appears, all records for a one-night sale may fall. On that final evening bidders will compete for some of the best young stock ever placed at auction—three colts and two fillies by Nashua, a colt by Sailer, a colt and filly from the first crop of Tim Tam, a colt by Gallant Fox, one by Sumner Tan, a colt and a filly by Native Dancer, a Turn-To filly, a colt and a filly by Royal Coinage. **END**

LOW EARLY SUN dunes across typical morning scene at horses cool off after their exercise.



AGAIN
THIS FALL
PAN AM
REDUCES
JET FARES
TO EUROPE
AS LOW AS
\$350
ROUND TRIP

**Europe is
having a fall Open House!**

The welcome mat is out and bargains are everywhere. Your savings start with Pan Am's low-cost 17-day Jet Economy Excursion fares which begin October 1st.

Typical 17-day round-trip Jet Economy Excursion fares
New York-London \$350 Detroit-London \$397
Philadelphia-Bussels \$409 Chicago-London \$421
Balt./Wash.-Paris \$430 California-London \$619



**Enjoy the
Priceless Extra of Experience**

Choose Pan American for the assurance that comes with flying the World's Most Experienced Airline. You relax, knowing your crew has been trained to exacting U.S. standards; your plane has received the most expert care and maintenance; your meals have been imaginatively prepared. From your knowledge of Pan American's experience comes a feeling of confidence to be enjoyed every moment.

WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE . . . FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC . . . FIRST ON THE PACIFIC . . . FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA . . . FIRST 'ROUND THE WORLD

THE PRIVATE ORDEAL OF HERB SCORE

Confused and mystified by his own failures, baseball's onetime golden boy returns to the minors to seek the left-handers' traditional will-o'-the-wisp: the plate

by JACK OLSEN

The night before he was to pitch the opening game of a holiday double-header in Seattle a few days ago, Herbert Jude Score, a tall, blond all-American boy right out of a Ralph Henry Barbour book, was a guest of honor at a baseball dinner. He nibbled pizza chips, polished off a steak, sipped politely at a drink and exchanged pleasantries with another guest, Seattle Rainiers' Manager Johnny Pesky. "It's nice to see you here, Johnny," said Score. "You were one of my boyhood idols." Pesky, age 41, ran a hand across his crew cut and reported that Score, age 28, had been one of his boyhood idols, too. Reminiscences flowed till nearly midnight. Punch lines of hoary baseball stories echoed around the room—"So Yogi said, 'Well, sister, you're not so hot yourself. . . .'" "Yeh, Ump, but when I get up tomorrow I'll be sober, and you'll still be blind. . . ." Score confined himself to an unpolished but gracious little speech to the effect that if he were to be out of baseball tomorrow he would still owe the game more than he could ever repay. There was polite applause, and down at the other end of the table a baseball man whispered a hurried answer to his wife's question, "Nobody seems to know what happened," he said. "He's wild, that's all."

Friends drove Score back to Seattle's unpretentious Mayflower Hotel, where the San Diego team, of which he had luxuriously become a member, was in residence. He turned in at midnight, read *The Courtship of a Cassin's Sparrow* till nearly 2 a.m., then dropped off to sleep. The forming-up of a holiday parade below his hotel window awakened him after his customary seven hours' sleep, and he ordered a breakfast of orange juice, baked eggs, bacon, coffee and toast. He dressed leisurely and headed out to Sick's Seattle Stadium for another joint with survival.

There were still two hours till game time when Score walked through the misty catacombs, past the pulpits where vendors were

continued

SCORE TUGS nervously at his bat. Catcher Jim Napier stands silently. Manager Johnny Pesky breaks the news gently: a new pitcher is coming in.



stacking programs, past the counters where frankfurters were heating up in aromatic splendor and into the liniment-and-leather smell of the visitors' clubhouse. Three players were dressing desultorily. A plump coach, nattily attired in white T-shirt and socks, looked up from his copy of the *Official Baseball Guide* and grunted, in the mock harshness with which athletes traditionally try to encourage their troubled colleagues. "C'mon, Score, put your blanket uniform on. You're pitchin'." As if Score didn't know.

He undressed slowly, reflecting that manifest calmness which has characterized his career and his life. Around him were the trappings of boondock baseball. DO NOT ABUSE! UNIFORMS, the bulletin board warned. FILTHY LANGUAGE IS DETRIMENTAL NOT ONLY TO BASEBALL BUT TO THE PERSON USING IT. PAY YOUR DEBTS OR FACE SEVERE PENALTIES. From a wall radio came loud renditions of contemporary musical culture ("I love you, I love you, I love you in ooooooh so many, many ways"). Players arrived in little clusters, and the room began to re-sound with the all-purpose four-letter words which form the very foundation of the English language whenever soldiers and ballplayers get together in their underclothes.

A mixed bag

Score chatted amiably with the other players. There were former major leaguers like Kent Hadley and Jim Belger, still full of promise, and fighting, like Score, to get back into the big time. There were veterans like Harry Simpson and Hector Rodriguez, playing out their strings with elderly envy. And there were young hotbloods like Mike Heraburger and Kenny Retzer, inexorably headed for the majors just as Score had been a handful of years before.

The niceties of conversation observed, Score walked out through the tunnel and into the bright sunlight of the playing field, there to hit fungos, take a few cuts and throw erratically to a warmup catcher for 15 minutes. Just before game time he said to the trainer, "How about a little hot stuff on the arm, Cookie?" The rubdown completed, he told catcher Retzer, "O.K., it's 1-2-3 today, eh, baby?" Retzer agreed that it would be 1-2-3, and the umpire shouted, "Play ball."

Six weeks before, Score, in the uni-

form of the Chicago White Sox, had started a night game in Baltimore. He had pitched to five batters, got none of them out and allowed four runs before Manager Al Lopez, a man of infinite patience, had mercifully removed him from the game. Seated together later in the little office assigned to the visiting manager, the two figures played out another act in the continuing tragedy of Herb Score. "Well, Herbie," said Lopez, "what do you think?"

"Gee, I don't know what to think," Score said. Lopez was silent. "I feel good," Score went on. "I can't figure out why I'm as wild as I am."

"Herbie," said Lopez softly, "what do you think about going to San Diego for a few weeks?"

This was the moment that every ball-player dreads, but Score, typically, tried to soften the scene for Lopez. "Al," he said, "I want to thank you for how patient you've been with me. If you wanted to send me down I wouldn't have anything to say about it. If you send me, you send me."

"No," said Lopez. "I'm not putting it so you that way. I'm putting it to you that going down for a while might be the best thing for you."

"I don't know if it's the answer. Al. Maybe I should just quit. If I can't pitch, I can't pitch. I don't want to hang around and be a handicap to the ball club and to you."

Lopez launched into one of his exceedingly rare speeches. He told Score that the team had all the faith in the world in him, that his arm was still good, that he was still regarded as a valuable property. "But Herbie," Lopez said, "I hate to have you stay here, because you're wild, and you need to find the plate again. You need to work every four or five days. You've got to pitch. You've got to get all the stuff in the world."

After a while Score said, "Let me talk to my wife. This is a decision that involves her as much as me."

"Sure," Lopez said, and added a humane non-sequitur: "I want you to know one thing, Herbie. If my own kid was to get to the majors, you're the player I'd want him to model himself after."

Score traveled with the Sox to New York the next day, called his wife and told her he would be home that night. She asked what was wrong, and he said it wasn't something that could be talked about on the phone. At 2 a.m. Nancy Score met her husband at the airport in Chicago. Driving home, they agreed

that it would be silly for him to quit in the middle of the year. More than anything else, a touching faith in Al Lopez had influenced Score. He told his wife, "If Al had said to me, 'Herb, I think you've lost it, you can't pitch any more,' that would have been the end. But I don't think Al would be to me. And I feel the best I have in two years. How can I feel so good and pitch so lousy?"

The next day he went to Coney Island Park and picked up his gear. He called San Diego and found that the team was at home. Between planes in Los Angeles that night he phoned his former roommate and closest friend, Rocky Colavito, and talked to him for an hour. The burden of Colavito's advice was the same as it has always been: "Don't throw so hard. Take it easy." Then Score boarded the plane for the last leg of the trip to the minors, where he would find the plate, or oblivion.

The game

The prospect of Herb Score's fading out of baseball altogether is one that taxes the understanding of the sport's best minds. He came into the majors, not so long ago, after record droves of American Association batters had fallen beneath the sinister power of his classically delivered full-overhand fast ball—slung in a javelinlike style with the full whip of his six-foot-two frame—and the swarm of his murderously breaking curve. He went on to post records of 16-10 and 20-9 with Cleveland, maintaining the remarkable average of one strikeout per inning. His famous teammate, Bob Feller, said, "Provided he doesn't have to spend a couple years in the Army and barring unforeseen misfortune, Score should win between 20 and 25 games a year for the next 13 or 14 years." The Boston Red Sox management pondered the mathematics of Score's future and offered \$1 million for him. The Cleveland team, to nobody's surprise, turned the record offer down.

The event which, in most people's minds, brought the turnaround in Score's fortunes came on the 12th pitch of a spring night in 1957 at Cleveland Stadium. Gil McDougald laced a 2-2 pitch straight into Score's right eye. Lying half-conscious on the mound, Score mumbled, "St. Jude, stay with me." His faith in St. Jude, the patron saint of impossible cases, goes back to the age of 3, when a bakery truck crashed both of his legs above the knee. Doctors said that the legs would not knit. A parish

priest brought a relic of St. Jude to Score's mother and told her to pray. The legs healed, and Score never forgot. His eye healed, too, but it was a year before he returned to the mound. Immediately the fans began to watch closely for signs that the fancy left-hander had gone "chicken," that McDougale's line shot had shell-shocked him right out of his form. Fortunately, this easy analysis didn't hold up (though it is still as popular outside of baseball as it is unpopular inside the sport). In the first place, injury and sickness were almost a way of life with Score, beginning with the bakery truck and running through a long, sorrowful list that included rheumatic fever, acute appendicitis, pneumonia, colitis, burns, three ankle sprains and two ankle breaks, a shoulder separation and numerous lesser aches and pains. If ever there was an athlete who was at home with travail, it was Score. (It may or may not be a coincidence that his real childhood hero was Pete Reiser, a Dodger outfielder who was generally acknowledged to hold the accident-prone record in the major leagues before Score came along.)

To the surprise of no one who knew him well, Score neither flinched nor made any concessions to the eye injury in his comeback year. When line shots were hit back at him, a hush would come over the fans. Score, often picking up both himself and ball, would go on pitching, unconcerned, with no perceptible difference from his earlier years. Late in April he beat the White Sox 2-0, allowed three hits, struck out 13. In his next start in Washington April 20, he pulled a tendon in his elbow. One month later the arm was still in pain, and Herb Score, then 24, was put on the disabled list. He now dates his trouble from the pulled tendon. He made tiny changes in his motion, unconsciously favoring the injured arm. He stopped "winging" the ball. Wilderness, a chronic condition among left-handers and one which he had corrected, returned. He began "aiming" the ball, a baseball expression that simply means overemphasizing the use of the arm alone in getting the ball over. He was the recipient, or the victim, of dozens of desperate suggestions, all of them made in the best of faith. On the mound his head would be throbbing with dicta: his

(continued on page 47)

HERB SCORE, knocked out again, reviveth his anger and dismay with the help of a hood.

Photograph by Marshall Lickner



AH, WILDERNESS! YOUR JOYS ARE WASTED

A U.S. park ranger who has studied the species concludes that the American traveler can never properly respond to the call of the wild until he learns to leave his big-city ideas at home

by DON MOSER

Each year new more than 50 million people visit our national park system. Yosemite Valley aches like an ant-hill. Mile-long bear jams choke the highways of Yellowstone. New campgrounds can't be punched out of the landscape fast enough to keep ahead of the increase in campers, many of whom have never before slept in a tent or cooked in the open, not even over a Coleman stove. Better roads will soon be built, to make even remote parks like Rainbow Bridge National Monument (shown on the opposite page) more accessible, but eventually new wilderness areas, like the dry, wild lands of southern Utah (see next page), will have to be acquired to absorb the increased tourist traffic.

To those who work in the national parks nothing could be more encouraging than this great exodus into the scenery, for they know that all of the country in their charge—the deserts, the mountains, the forests, the swamps, the ocean beaches—offers city man a change, a chance to get back into step with the fundamental rhythms.

It's pleasing to think that Americans

are at last discovering America. But it's not so pleasant to realize that, so far, they have discovered only the road that leads, and the place it leads to; they have not yet discovered what it is that lies there.

As a seasonal ranger in Wyoming's Grand Teton National Park, I spend one day a week contacting park visitors on a point overlooking Jackson Hole and the Teton Range. Each day I talked with several hundred people. A typical meeting would go like this:

A man, his wife and 8-year-old son walk up the short path from their car. "Where's that airplane wreck?" asks the man.

I tell him that the old crash was on Mount Moran, and I point to the 12,594-foot peak across the valley. "That's an interesting mountain," I go on. "The black streak you see running down the east face is a stream of volcanic material that got pushed into—"

"You see it from up here?" the man asks.

"Easily—the vertical black line to the left of the glacier."

"I mean the airplane wreck,"

"I've never seen it," I tell him.

"We heard you could if the sun was on it," the wife says.

"How many people were killed?" asks the man.

I explain that I don't know much about it, that the crash occurred 10 years or so before.

"I think I see something shiny over there," the boy says.

"We were climbing that mountain last week," I try again, "and we found a plaque, a small rodent, almost at the summit, in bare rock and ice. It's remarkable how you can find life anywhere you look. There's a red alga that lives in the snow—"

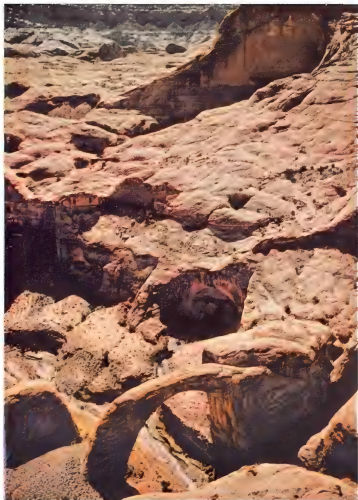
"Do you mind if I use your binoculars?" the man asks.

I hand him the glasses. "Is the manly area out there you might see a moose. They come onto those flats to browse." "I see it!"

"Can you tell," I ask, "whether it's a bull or a cow?"

(continued on page 55)

Inaccessible by car, the rugged mesa land of Rainbow Bridge National Monument has attracted only 15,000 tourists in the 51 years since it was established.





Some 200 miles upstream from its celebrated Grand Canyon, the Colorado River moves in spectacular goose-necks through Utah's proposed Monument Canyon Park





The Master's Touch—incomparable in art when it's Dufy—incomparable in leather when it's Prince Gardner. Here, so strikingly expressed in the distinctive bold look of "Tailor-Stitch," created from rich, Mello-Touch Cowhide, subtly distinguished by handsome detail. The Fine Art of Leathercraft by **PRINCE GARDNER**

"Mello-Touch" bag: \$27.95. Made in France and olive. Individually: Bag with 10 pockets with expanding feature and "Elector's Card" also \$21.95. Padded Secretary \$2.50. Key Case \$1.95. All prices plus tax.



"The wreck," he says. "I think I see it."

I turn to the boy. "Listen, have you ever seen wild swans?" I ask him. "I'll tell you where you can get a look at two big swans and four baby swans. I know where you can see beavers working on a dam."

He jerks at his father's sleeve. "Can I look, too?" he asks. "I want to see the wreck."

If there had been any point in it, I could have told that family a good deal more. They could have found, within a day's walk or a short day's drive, a natural bridge, a set of ancient Indian rock drawings, a mountainside of fossils, a system of ice caves, a perfect miniature glacier the size of a schoolroom, and a network of rarely visited alpine lakes. They could have seen deer and antelope, a herd of buffalo, a black bear picking huckleberries, a coyote stalking mice. With some luck they might have turned up a lynx, a martlet, a grizzly, a mountain lion. They could have seen wildflowers blooming in a snowdrift; they could have safely climbed a 12,000-foot mountain or gone down to the river and caught trout. In one or two days they could have learned something of the strange history of the earth by looking at it. Or they could have just relaxed and

absorbed the special beauty of the place.

They did not do any of these things. What they did, after driving all the way west from South Bend or Cleveland or Trenton, was stand on a hilltop and spend half the afternoon looking for the scraps of a 10-year-old airplane wreck.

The grisly preoccupation of that family—the sort of thing you expect to run across only rarely—unfortunately typifies the behavior of a great segment of the American public toward wilderness and scenic beauty. I am not talking here about the cranks, the vandals or the dandruffeers, but the decent, pleasure-seeking travelers a ranger meets most of the time—people who wouldn't think of carving initials on an aspen or flipping a cigarette into the brush. I am talking about Uncle John, Aunt Martha and the kids from Akron—nice folks touring the American West.

Armed with maps, brochures and lots of color film, they journey in comfort and safety across land that a few generations ago was seen only through risk, sacrifice and hardship. As they cruise today across the prairie at 60 miles an hour in a softly sprung car, they probably never think of the earlier men who so painfully covered that same ground.

Uncle John and Aunt Martha come fresh to the country, and they are their own explorers. In the national parks, where the country has been disturbed very little, they have an opportunity to recreate for themselves the experience of Lewis and Clark, Bridger, Smith, Fremont and Pike.

But it is not this kind of recreation, the reliving of history, that they are seeking. They search instead for the quiet, the cute, and the flattering hand of man. They spend more time watching the dummy cowboy band at the Wall Drug Store than prowling around the Badlands. They are more responsive to the bogus hijinks of the Cache Street posse than to the eagles along Snake River. They come to see a wild world, but they are suckers for the souvenir ashtray, the varnished pine plaque inscribed "Yellowstone" and the Indian totems that are made in Japan.

When the visitor does come face to face with the country, its subtle excitements often escape him. And it is not altogether his fault. The brochures and the travel articles have so badly hooded the spectacular features that the lesser offerings of the land are usually ignored.

One day in the Tetons I spent 10 minutes showing maps and pictures to a lady visitor. I told her about places for

continued

Illustration by William S. Banta



hiking, riding and boating, told her where to find an assortment of wildflowers and big game.

"But where," she inquired, "is Old Faithful?"

She had mixed up her parks. I explained that Old Faithful was in Yellowstone, 50 miles to the north.

"I'll go up there right now," she said. "Old Faithful is what I came to see."

through some little-known national park or monument, such as Olympic, in northwestern Washington. And her reaction might have been similar to that of one man I met in the Olympic rain forests. He stood in the middle of one of the last great wildernesses left in a nation that is going under concrete at the rate of millions of acres a year. Around him lay over 600 miles of woodland and

running! I've been driving all morning, and I haven't seen anything but trees." The man was disappointed, as visitors every year are disappointed in all the parks because they come expecting to be entertained by the landscape, as if it were some sort of grandiose television set.

The ranger can only say, "We have no performing bears here, no dancing elk, no man-eating wildflowers or giant rats. Our mountain lions are not always to be seen, our rivers do not run uphill nor do our canyons glow in the dark. We have nothing here that is gimmicked. Country, untouched as best we can keep it, is all we have to offer."

Many of the visitors to the parks are simply unable to accept the natural scene on its own terms. They come to the wilderness because it is different, but they insist upon interpreting it in old familiar terms. A woman who had just driven down through Yellowstone asked me one day why the Park Service didn't remove all the fallen timber from the forest. I had heard that question frequently, so my answer was ready. I told her first of all that the cost would probably exceed the national debt. I told her that fallen timber provides home and sustenance for many small organisms, upon whose existence larger organisms sooner or later depend. In its most rotten state, I explained, the dead timber is a vital part, a source of strength for the wilderness.

"Well, the least you could do," she said when I had finished, "is to clear it out along the roads. The way it is now, it looks just plain messy."

The guest's misfortune, I think, is not that so many come expecting to find the broad landscapes tidily groomed by man but that they actually prefer such artificiality.

The Park Service has the taxing job of carrying out two diametrically opposed aims. On the one hand, they wish to preserve the scene in a wilderness state. On the other, they want to provide enough access and development so people can enjoy it. Faced with this conflict, the Service has compromised. Roads are built so that all travelers, the robust and the infirm, have the opportunity to reach many interesting places by automobile. But road systems are limited in order to preserve delicate wild areas, and only recreation related to the wilderness—fishing, boating, hiking—is



Now there is nothing wrong with looking at Yellowstone's fine geysers, but that woman, you understand, was out to *real* Old Faithful, and no matter what other interesting possibilities presented themselves, Old Faithful was what she was going to see. When she got to the geyser basin she probably followed the pattern set by thousands of others. She waited impatiently for the eruption, and before the last spray had settled she was on her way to Zion, where she remained only long enough to snap two slightly overexposed photographs of the Great White Throne. Twenty-four hours and half a dozen 35-mm. frames later she was barreling out of Grand Canyon, headed for the Sierra and that tree you can drive your car through. After learning that the falls weren't running in late summer, she decided to bypass Yosemite entirely. Following a 50-mile-as-hour run around Mount Rainier and a five-minute stop to see a panned-up buffalo at a roadside gas station, she lit out hell for leather for Glacier National Park.

At some point in this high-octane rat race, she might by accident have passed

mountain trails—enough so that he could have wandered all summer, without ever retracing his steps, in a fern-choked, moss-hung magic place full of windfalls high as houses and virgin fir and spruce 14 feet in diameter. If he had roamed the park, he would have seen the Olympic elk, great half-ton herd bulls in the velvet, with antlers almost as broad as a man is tall; he would have come upon a valley filled with scores of miniature waterfalls, each cascading down a thousand feet from the rim above. By poking around in this land of giants he might have learned something of its special history: about a town called Home, which at the turn of the century was a camping ground for every sort of free thinker and oddball, anarchists and nudists included. Or heard the true and the half-true stories of John Hueland, the Iron Man of the Hob, who carried an iron stove 10 miles into the forest on his back, set it down before his cabin and pulled a 50-pound sack of flour out of the oven.

What the visitor told me, as he stood in the dead center of his heritage, was: "What kind of a gyp joint are you

encouraged. Tourist lodges have every modern convenience, but instead of dominating the scene they are hidden in it.

In the city and in its suburban fringes a man is often measured by where he is seen and when he knows. The actual making of a contact is today often more important than the business or ideas exchanged during the contact. Men and women are inclined to apply this same strange standard of city life to the wild species they visit in the national parks. The city man believes that the way to know a moose is to get in contact with one. A naturalist in the Tetons one day came upon a visitor flinging stones at a browsing moose. "Why do you do that?" asked the naturalist.

"Well," the man said, "I want him to notice me."

In Jackson Hole, a captive elk herd is badged the day long. Along the fence the visitors hoot, holler, yelp, squeak and whistle, while the elk, used to it all, graze unconcernedly. Behind this ruckus lies only the visitor's desire to get on speaking terms with the elk, but the big bull elk, standing square-shouldered before his herd, the 14 times of his rack fastened with horns, couldn't care less.

Animals are not to shoot at. Man, as he has always been, is a part of the community of living things; there is no reason for him to proclaim his identity to every beast in the forest.

The very famous bears of Yellowstone Park are the delight of every visitor, not because they are wild species that may be easily observed but because they appear on the roads as familiar symbols. The visitor doesn't watch them digging out ground squirrels on a hillside, and doesn't want to. He is happy to find them begging fudge and cupcakes along the highways of the park. Traffic is often backed up at Yellowstone by the pampering bears, and during this close association of men and bears, I suspect that the bears learn more about people than the people do about bears.

The preoccupation of people with the intricacies of their life, their overdedication to the refined artifacts of living, is to a large extent responsible for their incapacity to see the wilderness and its wild life. Consider that ubiquitous bagbear of tourists, the camera. It seems that photography ought to enhance the visitor's appreciation of wilderness; in reality, no other factor does so much so hamstringing his response. Influenced by the vacant,

second-rate commercial work stacked on every souvenir counter and hampered by photographic accessories that make picture-taking easy, the bold gadgeteer solves forth and attempts, as the film ad put it, to capture the scene.

He can do so no more than climbers can conquer a mountain. The scene, unobserved and quite unshared, sits right where it has been since the Tertiary.



But the visitor believes he is capturing the scene, as if by some computation of light values and manipulation of dials he has experienced the subject matter, has by mechanical gestures achieved comprehension. The card must be punched, so to speak—the picture taken, the register signed, the postcard mailed. It is not country stuff that is important here but the ritual of contacting it, to such a degree that the ritual becomes a substitute for the reality. When the sky is clear, the light full and bland, Uncle John makes his picture. His subject, Aunt Martha, like a ghost white hunter with her foot on the neck of a slaughtered bear, stands over the country flanked by the kids. Re-ordered for posterity we find not wilderness but the fact that they were in it.

Like omnipresent Kilroys, Aunt Martha and the kids grin in Kodachrome, Ektachrome and Anscochrome in the foreground of all the scenic wonders: Old Faithful erupts between them, the falls of Yosemite pour upon their heads and all the great ranges of the continent march across their shoulders. Twenty-four millimeters wide, 35 mm. long, on

colored slides, Yellowstone, Yosemite and the Rockies have been collected—pinned like so many butterflies into the family memoirs. "We were here, Ma."

How far removed this is from what is really there! Yet wilderness does not have to be approached on spy-glass. A visitor need not bring with him preconceived attitudes of humility and awe, nor must he don the hair shirt of the mountaineer.

But he does have to bring an open mind, an alert set of senses and some honest curiosity.

I don't want to give the impression that every visitor fits the patterns of Uncle John and Aunt Martha. There are hikers and campers, members of the Sierra Club and Wilderness Society and many others dedicated to the proposition that the ultimate of our American destiny is a row of used-car lots on El Camino Real. And far more common are the people who have never seen a snow-capped mountain or a beaver dam but who still manage to be explorers in their own way. "I've hardly been out of the city in my life," one middle-aged man said to me. "So you just tell me where to look. I'm taking my time. I'm going to see what's going on around here."

There's no need to worry about that man. Before he leaves the national parks, he will have seen farther than he could ever see in any city; he will have learned something of the strange and different ways of his companion species and looked upon monuments grander than any built by man.

END

A plastic doughnut with a motor in the middle

Japanese industrialist Genichi Kawakami and his designer, pretty Noriko Kondo, have built a roundboat to use as a party craft for leisurely eating, drinking or poetry reading

The sports-loving Japanese have, at one time or another, made a mania of every game and pastime that came their way from the industrial West. They are wild about baseball. They swarm to new golf courses, driving ranges, ice- and roller-skating rinks and ski resorts. They take frantically to the country's petty little roads with scooters, motorcycles and baby cars to engage in suicidal races. They do the same thing on the waterways.

One of the men responsible for keep-

ing the *kassari-cho* (motorcycle riders) and the *mo-to-cho* (motorboat drivers) supplied with their implements of destruction is Genichi Kawakami, a 49-year-old sportsman-industrialist who heads the 80-year-old Nippon Gakki Company (Japan Musical Instruments Company), which was founded by an organ repairer named Yamaha.

Yamaha products have increased in 80 years from organs to all manner of musical instruments and further afield to motorcycles, scooters, outboard mo-

tors and plastic catamarans. Now, with the help of a 24-year-old female dreamboat designer named Noriko Kondo, Kawakami has come up with a plastic roundboat with a motor in the middle.

The craft (opposite) carries a seven-horsepower outboard motor (a larger motor is apt to cause vibration and upset the sake). The outboard is a prosy touch, but it fits the center hole like a carving key in a great round lock, and the impression is more inboard than outboard. Sitting on rollers, the motor can be turned in any direction to propel the boat at a leisurely five miles an hour on calm water. Steering can be tricky when passengers are not evenly distributed around the center; with the weight concentrated on one side, the boat chooses itself in circles. The roundboat is stable enough, but its shape and fly-pod speed give trouble in a high wind.

If desirable, a striped canopy can be unfurled overhead to keep out the sun, and side curtains can be lowered to keep out prying eyes. Who wants or needs speed on a summer's day? In the words of the (anon.) poet:

*The water calms and
Overhead rides the blue sky.
With the boat red too
Warning both you and sailer,
Past past goes a screen-horse.*



GENICHI KAWAKAMI stands at the helm of his roundboat. Dreamboat Noriko Kondo (right) sits at her drawing board beside model of a twin-motor catamaran.



PLATTER-SHAPED PARTY BOAT gurgles gently along with a full complement of gaihar, who prepare luncheons on charcoal hibachis for relaxed businessmen.



TAKE A QUICK LOOK!

It's a Ford V-8...with all the hustle of 390 cubic inches of Thunderbird thunder. Designed by specialists who've made the most V-8's. Tested-tortured-touted-by men who call Daytona home. And Bonneville. And El Mirage. Strong. Smooth. Swift. Tiger-tough. You've had a quick look-now take a long one at your Ford Dealer's. Then drive it...try the car that put magic into motion!

now shown Ford Sports Coupe



FORD V-8

Ingénues and leading ladies

New talent and old reliables, mostly female, gave brilliant performances at Lexington

The starring ingénue of the Lexington, Ky. Junior League Horse Show, first big saddle horse event of the year in the Midwest, was, appropriately enough, a chestnut filly named Local Talent. Bred and owned by the Dodge Stables of Lexington, Local Talent had made her 1968 debut at Devon (SI, June 19), and at Lexington she was unquestionably the hit of the 3-year-old Fries Harness class.

In fact, she was considered so superior that she was lined up in the center of the ring while the judges sorted out the rest of the class. The raucous consensus was that Local Talent is so highly gifted that she is a freak. Ironically enough, she was not sired by the Dodge Stables' most famous freak, the record-shattering Wing Commander, but by a stud named American Dictator who, at the age of 24, was bid in at auction for a mere \$500.

In other respects, Lexington will doubtless be remembered for a number of lively incidents. Rain sadly plagued the show's last four days, turning the famous Red Mile into mire. One evening two horses fell full length in the molasseslike clay, and the blacksmith did a thriving business replacing pulled shoes. During the Minton Memorial, a three-gaited event for junior riders—two horses lost front shoes almost simultaneously. Since a saddle horse shoe is carefully weighted to suit the individual horse's needs, the lost shoes in this case were retrieved from the mud, swiftly attached and the class resumed. Only later was it discovered that the horses left the ring in each other's shoes.

The shoe problem was shared by humans as well. On Saturday afternoon the show was held on the infield cinder track, while sand was spread on the clay to improve the footing for the night events. Many of these routine classes were horsemanship events for children

and, naturally enough, most of the spectators were anxious parents. Riding in the under-11-year-old equitation class was a young lady named Virginia Nugent whose mother, Virginia Cronin Nugent, had ridden in the same event 25 years ago. After tension-building individual workouts the winner was revealed.

Little Virginia. Excited big Virginia jumped so high with joy that she fell backwards into a rain-filled moat: in scrambling out, she left a shoe stuck to the muddy bottom.

Light feet, heavy feeling

Although the footing was less treacherous on stake night, the going was heavy and, as Lexington's judges were of undecided minds, many of the classes turned into endurance contests. Although R.C. Tway's Plainview's Julia retained her title of five-gaited grand champion, the three-gaited stake, earlier in the evening, was a different story. An apparently invincible champion met defeat. Delightful Society, winner of 39 consecutive blues, made a cautious show rather than her usual explosive one, with her head constantly turned to the rail as though covering the horse. Garland Bradshaw, riding in his usual flamboyant manner, made a dashing show on Elizabeth Calley's Starline Helene, a pretty mare just out of the junior classes, while Earl Teater, solemn as a chief moonster, stayed on the rail and put his seasoned Belle of the Dells to work. Belle lost none of her animation through the long workout and became the leading lady, defeating Delightful Society for the first time. Starline Helene was reserve, and Delightful Society this time had to be content with third.

Lexington also saw a new fashion, introduced by Delightful Society's owner, Mrs. Don Decker, who wore a jeweled pendant attached by a Band-Aid to her chin—surely the most original personal decor since one of my Kentucky cousins had a diamond set in his front tooth.

END

BEST GOLF IN BERMUDA

Stay at Belmont Manor and play the private 18-hole Championship Golf Course... fabulous new Sapphire Pool... tennis... fishing, boating... fine French cuisine... dancing... entertainment nightly.

Belmont Manor

Golf and Country Club
WINDWARD ST. LORRAINE HILL, N. & JACOBITE
100 MARSH AVE., N. Y., N. Y. 10542
WASHINGTON-DALLAS-DETROIT-EL PASO-FLORHAM-LEWISTON



Rich...Moist...
Mildly Aromatic
BOND STREET
Foot-Pak



STA DRI
The Year 'Round
OUTDOOR BOOT
100% WATERPROOF
WELDED SOLE
At better dealers
write for catalog!

STA DRI BOOT CO.
SUBSIDIARY
BEST RUBBER-MAKING COMPANY
Dept. W-11, Rogers, Arkansas, U.S.A.
75 YEARS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS

**- DROWN
YOUR
CAMPFIRE**



**PREVENT
FOREST FIRES!**

Now - 14mm SOUND FILM IN COLOR
9th CANADA CUP
See SAN SHAD in Soundcolor Play
August 10th-12th, 1968, 11 Counties
At 1000th 10th AVE. SEASIDE CITY CO. 8002
Write and ask for 1000th 11th AVE
1000th 11th AVE, SEASIDE, CA 94060
NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL FILMS INC.
200 Southern Avenue, New York 100 10

The trout stream and the earthquake

For two years fly-fishermen have been worrying about what the big quake of '59 did to the Madison River. Here is the answer:

Two years ago this month, when an earthquake of major magnitude convulsed an area of 600,000 square miles in northwestern America, fly-fishermen the world over shuddered. Had the Montana-Yellowstone quake of August 1959 done irreparable damage to one of the world's most magnificent trout streams, the classic Madison River, and to other nearby streams, like the Gallatin?

The Madison, rising in Yellowstone National Park where the Gibbon and Firehole rivers combine to form its headwaters, flows some 140 delightful, fish-laden miles to Three Forks, where it joins the Gallatin and the Jefferson to start the Missouri River. Except for three lakes in its path and some few brief rugged stretches like Bear Trap Canyon, almost every one of these miles can be waded and is pecked with holes in which lie brown trout and rainbows, some cutthroats, an occasional brook trout and Montana grayling and whitefish. The stream ripples swift, wide and cool over mossy stones, through deep gorges and across broad, flat, flowery plains from which rise, snowcapped and apicled, the ochre mountains of the Madison Range.

In this stream fly casting was a care-free delight, for almost every fruitful spot could be reached without fear of hanging up on the backcast. And the trout were wonderfully responsive.

The fish of the Madison were in part hatchery-raised, in part wild, but the river gave them such an ideal environment that even the hatchery-planted fish soon acquired the fighting ways and even almost the rich coloring of wild trout. For the river was always full of food; it stayed cool enough to keep the

trout healthy and active, and it abounded in natural cover.

The quake changed the picture drastically for a time. Eighty million tons of a 7,600-foot mountain toppled into the Madison. A 3,000-ton boulder and another only slightly smaller were hurled across the river and up a mountain on the other side to come to rest almost a mile away. The massive earth slide dammed the river and formed a new body of water, Earthquake Lake. The shock that caused the slide tilted Hebgen Lake, seven miles long, so that cottages on one side were inundated and cottages on the other side were left high and dry. The shock was felt in nine big western states and parts of Canada. Seven weeks after the first tremor, which came at 11:38 on the night of August 17, 1959, the region still was experiencing a minimum of 35 shocks a day. Now, two years later, the earth continues to tremble but in diminished, perceptible only on seismograph records. It took 39 years for the Helena quake of 1925 to calm down, and this one was much bigger. On the Mercalli scale of 12 it had an intensity of 10. On Richter's magnitude scale it hit 7.1/10, compared to San Francisco's 8.5.

No resemblance to trout streams

After the quake, the river in the region ran at flood stage, all of them dangerously silted, some of them dyed a bright yellow with a red tinge. They bore no resemblance whatever to trout streams. The flooding and silting continued through the fall, until the heavy frosts of winter, when the water on most rivers at last began to clear. Most likely the floods were caused by compaction—a sudden squeezing of water-holding

spaces deep in the trembling earth, very like the squeezing of a wet sponge. In some places, well away from surface water, a curious blue-gray mud bubbled up through the dry earth.

The effect on Madison River fishing of the flooding and silting that followed the quake could not be ascertained with any reliability until this year. Obviously such an upheaval, with one of its epicenters almost in the bed of the stream itself, must have affected the fish in some fashion, and some changes in the fishing were indeed observed last year. Now, however, the time has come when a judgment can be made. Guide Homer Fisher of Bozeman has fished the Madison and Gallatin for many years from spring till hunting season. He summed up the happy news:

"The trout this year have more girth for their length," he said. "They are fatter and stronger than ever. I think the quake stirred up more food."

Stirred up or not, there is no reason now for any Madison trout to go hungry. At the start of a six-mile float on a rubber raft Guide Ed Maynard of The Channeles, near Ennis, demonstrated this by screening up some bottom. The screen came up covered with wriggling hellgrammites whose imitation, the weighted black Woolly Worm, is a firm favorite of Montana fishermen. The sporting-goods stores in towns like Bozeman, where outfitters are as thick as flies during a hatch, sell thousands of them.

The Seasoned, pistol-packing Fisher has one special favorite, the Lady Mile, which he fishes wet. But he holds also to a theory that has a certain plausibility. He believes that a male fly should be shown following a female, the latter used as a dropper.

"The fish see that all the time," he explained, "and it looks natural."

Harry W. Baker Jr., manager of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service hatchery



MASSIVE SLIDE of 90 million tons toppled into the river, burying nearby houses and damming the stream to form Quake Lake (in background). Since then a channel has been cut through the slide

at Ennis, agrees that the river has improved.

"First of all," Baker explained, "the quake shut off the main source of turbid water, which came out of Cabin Creek and Beaver Creek, above the new Quake Lake. In normal years the Madison did not clear up until about July 1. Not until then was it any good for fly-fishing. Now it will be clear between June 1 and June 15. In past years a heavy rainstorm would make it muddy for two or three days, but this is no longer true. The resultant increased light penetration has produced more moss, which results in more food for the fish. The fish are growing much faster than previously, particularly the fish we have planted."

"The river is at a lower temperature,

too. Quake Lake has not exceeded 36° as against a probable 60° for that section of the river in previous years. The Madison in some parts has gone to 76° and better at times, but we have not yet found it above 70°, in spite of this summer's drought. [The temperatures apply to the area near Ennis. The river gets warmer farther downstream.]

"To guess at the cause of this cooler water, I would say that the water at Quake Lake, which goes down to 180 feet at its deepest, may be flowing out more from the bottom than from the top."

Baker believes the silting did no permanent damage, though it did destroy many small fish. Big trout withstood the abrasive action of the silt on their gills. Fish in the egg stage were buried and so

protected against the silt. That, in Baker's opinion, explains why so many fish taken last summer were either very big or very small. Now the balance is about back to normal.

Baker has been planting only rainbows and grayling, since the wily, suspicious browns of the Madison are holding their own. They also are running slightly bigger than the rainbows.

"If a stream census shows 75% browns and 25% rainbows," Baker says, "then a cool census will show just the opposite. One probable reason is that fishermen unconsciously select lures that will attract rainbows—bright stuff. What gets the browns are dark flies like the Wulfs, whereas the gray squirrel tails, which are very popular, will take almost nothing but rainbows."

For this reason Baker has been planting 1,000 rainbows per mile of stream over the 60-mile stretch covered by his hatchery. He has also put 25,000 grayling into Ennis Lake, from which they move 20 miles upstream to spawn.

Baker's opinion of the Madison is as ecstatic as that of most who have fished it.

"For a stream as accessible as the Madison," he says, "I don't think there is anything like it in the world for season-long fishing."

Any rumors that the Madison has declined are clearly false, as false as one strange tale that cropped up this spring. Suddenly White Lake began to produce a preponderance of albino rainbows. Hundreds of these pallid fish were caught, and the word went out that, just as human hair is supposed to turn white from fright, so these fish had been scared out of their natural coloring by the quake.

It's a shame to spoil the yarn. The albinos were hatchery culs planted in the lake to see how they would make out. They are doing very well, thank you, and so is the marvelous Madison. **END**



"I CAN TELL YOU ALL ABOUT CHANGING TIRES"

"There's nothing like changing your own tires on that long motor trip! That's what's likely to happen if your husband gets excited about selling the low-cost INA-Champion Auto Policy for careful drivers. It appears that this policy covers just about every motoring hazard but my aching back.

"Then, at every stop, my Fred is selling everyone is right on the Insurance Company of North America's leadership in the 'package' coverage field... Homeowners, health, life, all kinds

of business policies. You meet all kinds of people that way.

"If your husband is an insurance agent or broker and you're planning to see America this summer, keep him away from INA until after the trip. If he's not, tell him to just buy an INA-Champion Auto Policy. It'll save him no end of sales talk... and no end of money, too.

"P.S. Even women should know how to change tires for fun and profit. I've just written a hopscotch covering book about it. Write for your copy of 'How to Change a Tire' to INA, Dept. 51-6, 1500 Arch Street, Philadelphia 1, Pennsylvania."

INSURANCE BY NORTH AMERICA

Insurance Company of North America
Life Insurance Company of North America
World Headquarters: Philadelphia



TRAGIC CLIMB

continued from page 21

Mont Blanc, covering the summit and the climbers and cutting the visibility to less than a yard. It began to snow, vast waves of snow, sweeping across the Freney and trapping the men so close to their goal. The temperature fell below zero and the wind rose to 70 miles an hour.

Boratti and Mazeaud tagged on the rope and gathered the men around them, yelling right into their ears to make themselves heard over the noise of the storm. Boratti saw that Vieille and Guillaume were not in good shape, though

they both assured him that they felt fine. Pierre Kohlmann had developed a bad earache, and his lips and face were blue from the cold. He said he wanted to go on, and they all put it up to Boratti, who was left to decide whether the seven should try to reach the top and the wooden hut there, or start back down the Freney again in the storm.

Boratti made his decision: down. They started their descent through the fury of the storm, but they had gone only a little distance before they were forced to take shelter in a crevice in the ice. So precarious was this perch that they drove pitons in its walls to cling to. The storm grew worse; Oggioni and Gallieni lost

their footing and dangled over the edge, nearly carrying all seven with them before they were hauled back. Mazeaud leaned over to Boratti and yelled: "It's the worst I've seen, ever." Boratti, the veteran of 48 Mont Blanc ascents, the Himalayas and Dolomites, stared out into the storm and watched the swirling snow. He nodded in agreement.

As they huddled there by the abyss, cold attacked the men insidiously, relentlessly. Boratti took off his gloves and saw that the ends of his fingers had whitened; he had lost all sensation in them. A moment later Mazeaud, in pain, took off his left boot. His foot, from the toes to the ankle, was purple.

The night passed in wild turmoil, but on Wednesday morning the storm abated slightly. Boratti decided to continue the descent. He ordered the men to divide into pairs: he and Gallieni leading; Vieille going with Guillaume; Kohlmann with Mazeaud; Oggioni would bring up the rear carrying most of the equipment and acting as a shepherd. Henceforth, except for Oggioni, each would be bound only to one other man. Boratti reasoning there was too great a chance of all of them falling if they stayed in a single group of seven. He called Oggioni aside and told him they would probably all be separated before they reached the Gambs shelter, 7,000 feet below. They were now at about 14,500 feet. Boratti told him to watch Vieille as best he could; he was not experienced in rock climbing or storms. Kohlmann, too, was having trouble.

Their arrangements were made; they were about to set off for Gambs, and then the storm suddenly broke into full fury again. Boratti yelled, calling the men back into the crevice. They were hungry, but the food was gone. Mazeaud's feet were worse and he could no longer feel anything in his lips or hands. Boratti ordered them to wait till it cleared, no matter how long it lasted; just to step out of the crevice, he said, would be to commit suicide.

The storm went on for three days and for all that time the men sat cramped and cold. Friday night two avalanches roared past the crevice, pulling four of the men off balance and nearly over the edge. The physical and mental ravages of hunger, thirst, exhaustion, cold and shock began to show. The water was gone and the men started eating snow. They were all suffering to some degree from frostbite, particularly Mazeaud, who had lost all feeling from the knees

RESCUERS LEAD SUFFERING MAZEAUD FROM GAMBS HUT THROUGH WANNING STORM



down. By Friday night Vieille and Kohlmann were senseless, Bonatti knew that if they didn't leave soon they would never leave.

At 2 a.m. Saturday morning Bonatti told them to get packed again. They started, crawling with animal tenacity out of the ice crevice and hacking down a hundred foot ledge into the crumpled and vertical Freney. Oggioni was the last, the watchman and whip, bearing most of the equipment and much of the responsibility, using up his energy by shouting encouragement to the others, whom he couldn't see. He yelled their names, swore at them, insulted them and pleaded with them to keep moving: "Avant! Avant! Avant!" His voice vaporized into the frigid air around him, heard only by Kohlmann and Mazaud, the last pair, just behind Vieille and Guillaume.

They plowed through snow and over cliffs and ledges all day Saturday. By noon the pairs had become separated by several hundred feet, which in the storm was as good as a hundred miles because none of them could hear or see more than a yard in any direction. In the lead Bonatti and Gallieni were buried under an avalanche. They succeeded in freeing themselves with their pickaxes just before suffocating, but they were badly weakened. Gallieni was exhausted and, becoming delirious, wanted to bivouac anywhere. Bonatti's fingers and palms froze solid, but he knew that if they stopped before reaching the Gamba shelter they would never live through the night; the wind would tear their tents away. He worried about the others but lost contact with all of them except Gallieni. The last he had seen of Vieille and Guillaume, Vieille had had his arm around Guillaume's shoulder; he could hardly walk. Though it was daytime Bonatti couldn't see his hand in front of his face and when he felt himself nearing a ledge or precipice he got down on his stomach and inched his way toward it backwards, feeling with his knees for the edge.

Kohlmann and Mazaud, bound together, became stuck in snow up to their lips. Mazaud saw his partner's head weaving and his eyes rolling. He also was near the end, and tried to think of something encouraging to yell to Kohlmann. Instead, he began to doze while fighting through the drifts. Suddenly he felt a tug on the end of the rope and turned to see Kohlmann collapsing, his head sinking out of sight beneath the snow,

drowning in it. He struggled back to catch him and as he turned he felt the flesh open up above his ankles.

Kohlmann was unconscious. Mazaud plucked him out of the snow and yelled at him. He carried him to an ice crevice; Kohlmann woke up but refused to go on. Mazaud took his pulse: it was weak and slow. Kohlmann's eyes closed, and, though Mazaud shook him for fully 15 minutes, he couldn't wake him. Mazaud tried carrying him again but couldn't. He yelled into the storm for help but no one answered, and he felt himself weakening and almost decided to go to sleep beside Kohlmann. Finally he wrapped Kohlmann in two blankets and stretched him out in the crevice, sheltered from the storm, and marked the spot with a green handkerchief. Then he started down again.

Left in a crevice in ice

At midnight Saturday Bonatti and Gallieni reached the Gamba shelter, a one-room wooden hut. They literally bumped into it. Bonatti collapsed in the doorway, and Gallieni, trying to carry him, fell beside him and passed out. Bonatti awoke and carried Gallieni to a cot, and then again blacked out. When Pierre Mazaud arrived, exhausted, three hours later he found them both awake but delirious and mumbling unintelligibly. Bonatti finally recovered and then Mazaud began to cry, screaming that he had left Kohlmann behind in a crevice to die and that he deserved to die too.

At dawn Sunday, Guillaume, Vieille and Oggioni were still missing. The storm lifted a little and a team of six rescuers, who had started from Courmayeur the night the storm began, arrived at Gamba. They found Mazaud and Gallieni nearly out of their senses and Bonatti close to unconsciousness from exhaustion, hunger and frostbite. The rescuers gave them hot milk, and Mazaud and Bonatti stammered out the story of the climb. Together with Bonatti and Gallieni, the rescue team left the hut to search for the missing four.

They started up the slope, retracing Bonatti's route, and 40 feet from the shelter they found Guillaume dead, entombed in a chunk of frozen snow. He had given up 10 minutes before reaching the hut. Gallieni broke down again and the rescuers insisted he go back to Gamba. He refused, but Bonatti was unable to continue.

Not many yards farther on the searchers found Kohlmann, incredibly alive and sitting in the ice crevice where Mazaud had left him. Seeing him, they embraced him and tried to carry him on their shoulders.

The night in the crevice, however, had done things to Pierre Kohlmann. He attacked his rescuers, beating them about the face. He then started to run away, screaming into the wind that they were trying to kill him. He got down on his hands and knees in the snow and began to moan. As they ran toward him, Kohlmann died toward an ice cliff and was barely saved from going over. Seeing Kohlmann closeup, the men were shocked: his face was black, with deep cracks gaping in his chin and nose. He rose unsteadily and attacked again but was finally persuaded to go with them back to the hut.

Near Gamba, Roberto Gallieni lost his glove. As he reached into his breast pocket for another, Kohlmann broke away and started to run, screaming that Gallieni was trying to get a revolver to kill him. He started up toward Freney in the snow, yelling into the wind. They found him dead a few moments later, his face locked in an expression of inviolable terror.

A little farther up the pass the rescuers found Oggioni. He was seated in a crevice, his arm raised as if in salute, frozen and dead. Beyond, across a granite face, they could see through their glasses the shrouded body of Vieille, who apparently had been the first to die.

At 9 a.m. Sunday, just a week after the three Italians started the ascent, a French helicopter settled near the Gamba shelter and carried the three survivors to Courmayeur. Bonatti and Gallieni were taken to the Courmayeur Clinic. They recovered well, but their fingers and feet were permanently affected.

Mazaud was flown on to a hospital in Lyons and placed under sedation. When the sedatives wore off and he regained consciousness, he learned that his feet might have to be amputated. He grabbed each doctor and intern that came in his room and tried to tell them what happened. Finally he calmed down and told the whole story to his surgeons, from beginning to end in infinite detail, concluding in French: "When you're worn out, death looks better than life; up there at 10,000 feet Saturday night, death looked to us as sweet as a soft and warm bed."

END



©1994 Volkswagen of America, Inc. All rights reserved. Volkswagen is a registered trademark of Volkswagen of America, Inc.

You don't have to take it on a shakedown cruise.

Maybe you think mysterious noises are part of the price you pay for a new car.

But not for a Volkswagen.

A new VW costs \$13,995* Without noises.

It's pretty hard to get a new VW to squeak.

Or leak. The parts fit together too well.

Obviously, nobody can just go ahead and build a car like that overnight.

We've been working on the same basic model for 15 years. And we're still at it.

We keep refining our refinements to give you a car that performs the way it's supposed to. Right from the beginning.

Our air-cooled engine, for example, is run and tuned before we install it. You can drive a VW at top speed the first day.

The engine is so beautifully machined for low friction, you'll probably never need oil between changes. To say nothing of a break-in period or a shakedown cruise.

So you can see why buying a VW is like buying an "instant car."

Except you don't even have to add water.

HERB SCORE

continued from page 37

naturalness gone, he could not get the ball over the plate, or he would aim it and it would come up fat and big. He became a chronic loser.

He remembers what he thought: "If I throw the ball and I haven't followed through right or I land wrong or I'm not up on top, this would tell me that I'm not throwing right and I would say to myself, 'Let's see what we can do, let me pivot a little slower, let me get up on top more,' and these are things you don't normally have to think about. You should get the sign from the catcher; then the only thing you should think about is, I'm gonna throw this fast ball low and outside, and you wind up and concentrate on that. But me, I would wind up and I would say to myself, 'Now make sure you pivot right, don't go back too far, hold your head steady, let me see now,' and you can't do all that. And then I get 2 and 0 on a guy, and I say to myself, 'You don't want to get 3 and 0 on the guy now, and I begin to aim. I'd be better off if I just throw the ball and it wound up in the grandstand, and I know this.'"

Through all these agonies Score fought to keep control of his emotions. It is a steadfast principle of his life that one's own anger and frustrations must be concealed from the rest of the world. Joe Gordon once told him, "You should get mad and blow off steam sometimes," but this was a bit of advice that Herb Score would not take. Years ago in the minors he had walked seven straight batters and torn up the clubhouse in a fit of pique. "That was the last time," Score says shamefacedly. "I made up my mind I would never get mad again. Just because I've done badly, why should I make everybody else walk softly around me?" His only concessions to the mental torment of his slow regression would come occasionally when he was all alone in his car, and he would let out a loud roar of anguish, or when he would fling his glove against the clubhouse wall, "but only when there was nobody there to see me." And so, with a smile on his face and a friendly word for everybody, he went his self-controlled way into the minors.

Pitching man's thinker

Now he was striding to the mound in Seattle, his mind, as always, full of advice to himself. He had pitched superbly and horribly in his first month in the Pacific

Coast League; his record was 3-3. Now he was going to face the first-place Rainiers, loaded with journeymen ballplayers owned by the Boston Red Sox. But Score was already thinking himself into the showers. He got the lead-off batter on a high fly, Marlan Coughtry hit a home-back single to center, Tommy Umphelett laced an overaimed fast ball off the center-field fence for a double, Lou Clinton hit a hanging curve over the fence in left. In the second inning Score quickly gave up a single and two walks, then grooved one to Coughtry, who hit it over the fence. Score was yanked. He had faced 11 batters, walked three and given up two singles, a double and two home runs. He strode through the silent dugout, his face a reddened study in controlled frustration and fury, his jacket dragging behind him. Minutes later, he was seated in front of his locker reading a pocketbook, playing the man whose private agonies are his private affair.

The San Diego pitching staff had been decimated by the Seattle hitters, and Score was sent to the bullpen for the second game of the afternoon. Three times during the early innings he was signaled to warm up, and in the fourth inning he was called in. "Hey, Score," shouted a fan. "Didn't you get enough in the first game?" Score says he never hears such remarks. He threw a few practice pitches on the mound, and it was plain that he was slinging the ball in the devil-may-care manner of the glorious days of old. Hiding behind his book in the clubhouse, he had analyzed his performance in the first game, decided that he was using too much arm and not enough body and failing to "drive off" the rubber with his push foot. He had resolved that he would "just stand up there and sling it" if he got a chance in the second game. The first three men to face him at that quickly became sorry-looking victims of Score's new philosophy. One grounded out weakly to second, the other two fanned.

The San Diego team took its cuts, and it was too long between pitches for Score. Once again, he had too much time to think. He was thinking that he had better start getting ahead of the hitters; he had better get that first pitch in there; the one thing he could not afford to do was walk anybody. With these thoughts, all the naturalness went out of his motion. He began to aim and to throw "across himself." "You've got to pitch a strike," he kept telling himself on the mound. He used too much arm; the hop



A MEDALION of St. John hangs around Score's neck during his pregame arm rub.

came off his fast ball; the break vanished from his curve. In a nightmare inning straight out of the Little League, he gave up two singles, two doubles, two triples, two walks and six runs. In three charged innings on this awful holiday the great Herb Score, once compared favorably to Walter Johnson and Carl Hubbell and Lefty Grove, had given up 13 runs.

"And I still feel great," he said after the games. "Isn't it amazing? All my life I've had injuries and ailments, and now I feel the best I ever did physically. And then I go out and pitch like that. But I'm not downcast. Everything happens for some reason."

"Maybe," said Al Lopez, in another conversation 100,000 miles away in the majors, "he's too nice a guy for his own good."

White Sox Coach Ray Berres said: "Could it be a case of—how do they put it—mind over matter?"

Said Billy Pierce, another left-hander with his own problems: "It's not complicated. He's wild. But he'll be back." Herb Score hoped so, but if he didn't get back, it would be all right. Everything happens for a reason.

END

QUEEN OF KNIGHTS

by ROBERT CANTWELL

Lisa Lane is an ardent and optimistic girl who won the U.S. women's chess championship soon after she learned how to play chess and now expects whatever she is involved in to work out as well. If Lisa hears of a tournament that may possibly be held at some time in the future she takes it for granted that she will play in it, she naturally believes that she will win, and from that it is only a logical step for her to buy a new dress in anticipation of her victory.

What adds an element of practical common sense to her great expectations, however, is that she is generally right: she wins. Or at least she has won the decisive games in her career thus far, enough to keep her sanguine about the future and to add some items to her wardrobe. Now, however, Lisa has entered a competitive realm where it is a question whether the old equations will continue to work. This fall she plays on the U.S. team in the women's chess Olympics in The Netherlands, and then goes to the mountain resort of Vrnjacka Banja in Yugoslavia to play in an international tournament with the best women chess players from all countries. The winner of this critical event is entitled to challenge for the championship of the world. That means one of the contenders will go to Moscow for a month-long struggle with Elizaveta Bykova, a 40-year-old Soviet economist, the women's world champion.

In contrast to Lisa's late entry into the top ranks of women chess stars, Bykova learned to play chess when she was about 4 years old and played in an international tournament when she was a 14-year-old schoolgirl. Lisa has been playing a little over four years, about

GLAMOROUS CHAMPION: Lisa works on chess games after breakfast of toast and coffee.



AND PAWNS

Once tolerated as a good-looking girl who played chess, Lisa Lane is now a champion who wants the world title

1,600 days, as nearly as she can figure it, and had played in only eight tournaments (most of them small local affairs around Philadelphia) when she won the U.S. women's championship. She first saw a set of chessmen during her freshman year at Temple University. Lisa had a part-time job in the bacteriological laboratory at Temple while going to college, spent her lunch hour in the student lounge and learned the moves by watching the games that were played there. She began to play chess naturally, without calculation, the way a gifted musician might learn to play the piano by ear. Since she was a pretty girl, she came to be regarded with amused interest because of her intense absorption with chess, but nobody took her seriously—she was known as a good-looking girl who played chess, rather than as a fine chess player who happened to be a good-looking girl.

There was, however, a special circumstance about Lisa's appearance while playing. When she is absorbed in her game her expression becomes hauntingly beautiful in her complete self-forgetfulness and her quiet concentration on her moves. She leans forward slightly over the chess board, with her chin on the knuckles of her left hand, a tranquil expression on her pale and delicate features. She moves the pieces slowly and carefully, lifting them above the board between her thumb and two fingers, and places them gently on their new squares as if they were fragile works of art that she feared might be broken. Each move seems to be weighted with some cosmic significance to her, not in the sense of anxiety about the outcome but because of its place in the profound seriousness of her game. At such moments she seems a very serious young woman, but beautifully serious, or seriously beautiful, a side of feminine loveliness that Hollywood has rather neglected. When Lisa meets the world's best women chess

players in Vojacka Banja she will be facing a stronger competition than she has ever known, and she may appear to be the youngest and most tired newcomer in the tournament, but she will also seem to be the most serious player there, the one to whom chess means most.

When she won the women's championship in the winter of 1959 almost nothing was known about Lisa Lane in Philadelphia chess circles. "She's small, and 22, and pretty," said *The Bell* even vaguely, summing up about everything that could be agreed on. Neil Hickey, a columnist for the *Hearst* papers, quoted one of the defeated opponents, who said in agitation, "She's a killer! She plays chess like Pincho Gonzales plays tennis: always stalking, always aggressive. No doubt about it—if she continues to study she can be the best women player in the world."

"And the best-looking," added Hickey. Unfortunately, however, she was also acquiring a reputation as the rudest. After a magazine article appeared, saying that she had grown up in an orphanage, Lisa outlawed all discussion of her life before she learned to play chess. When an interviewer tried to draw her out about her taste in the arts, she said flatly, "I hate music." She was once asked about swimming and dancing. "I never learned to dance," she said, growing pale, "and I can't swim."

She started a *New York Times* reporter by saying, "I'm not interested in what's happening in the world." As for her background, said the *Times*, "She is reluctant to say more than that she was born in Philadelphia and never knew her father." She said she was born when she first saw chess being played.

At any persistent questioning about her childhood, Lisa was likely to examine the heavens, as if searching for some wandering astronaut, and say, "I don't dare to discuss it."

On the subject of chess, however, Lisa was almost alarmingly candid. And like most good chess players, she can remember every move in every important game. Sitting in her apartment on a rainy afternoon, she fell into an animated discussion of the 19th move in her game with Mona May Karff, who had won the U.S. women's championship six times in the past.

She worked out an elaborate combination. That is, she visualized her next move, figured out all the possible moves of her opponent, then visualized her next move beyond that, then mentally played through all possible moves that Miss Karff could be expected to make in reply, and so on through five moves in the future. The ability to work out combinations in this fashion is usually considered a sign of true greatness in

continued



OBSCURE GENIUS. Arlene Di Camillo, said Lisa could mix life with work. He was right.

chess players. Legends abound of masters who could see a dozen or more moves ahead, but in actual play how far ahead a player can see depends on the situation as well as on his ability. Chess players usually work by a mixture of logic and intuition, seeing an objective they want to reach and then patiently analyzing each move necessary to reach it and every move an opponent may conceivably make to prevent its being reached. If there are few places on the board, it may be a relatively simple matter to foresee a dozen moves. Early in a game terrific concentration may be required to see three moves ahead.

In any event, a five-move combination is not commonplace for anyone, and it is remarkable for a player as inexperienced as Lisa was in 1959. In this one she played to sacrifice a knight, in order to gain a positional advantage that she believed would be decisive. But to her astonishment Miss Kaeff did not take the knight. Lisa consequently had to revise her plan, and at the end of six moves she had lost two pawns and had a decidedly inferior position. She eventually won the game—which virtually assured her of the title—but it took another 47 moves, rather than the five she had visualized.

As Lisa was playing over the game, describing what had happened, she was asked if Miss Kaeff couldn't have broken up the attack in another way, by playing a certain pawn earlier than she did. Lisa ran through the game again. She leaned over the board, motionless, a withdrawn look of intense detachment on her features. "It wouldn't have made any difference," she said at last, and began moving the chessmen to prove that the suggested move of the pawn would not have upset her basic plan. When she finished her explanation she said unexpectedly, "I've decided to tell you the story of my life." She looked the way she looked when she played chess. It was possible to imagine a five-move combination at work in her mind.

"I was born in Philadelphia," she began. "And I never knew my father. It isn't true that I grew up in an orphanage. My mother worked, and my sister and I boarded with different families

while we went to school. We lived with my grandmother in Wyndesore. It was like in the country, and Mother had an old horse there, named Backy; he was blind. Later on she got horses whenever she could, and one time we had five of them. . . ." Lisa's father was a leather glazer, a skilled workman who was also a dedicated race-track follower. When Lisa was a year and a half old her father continued following the horses until he passed entirely out of the picture.

Mrs. Lane, a placid, attractive blonde woman, worked as a secretary in the office of a meat-packing company, and at night held down a second job in a Philadelphia radio station in order to give the children the sort of education she thought they should have. She had been married before, and her son by her first husband was only a few years older than Lisa and her sister. Lisa was named Marianne Elizabeth. Mrs. Lane still calls her Marianne—but was called Lisa or Elizabeth by school friends.

Lisa was a long-legged, thin-faced, dark-haired girl with dark, green-flecked eyes. She read a good deal, was good in mathematics, got superlative grades without trying and was usually a favorite with the teachers. The only poem she liked was Poe's *The Raven*. She read it through a few times and murmured such haunting lines as "Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December," or "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door,'" until she suddenly discovered she had memorized it. Since *The Raven* runs to 108 lines, that was some indication of her memory. She can still recite it.

The Lane family background was a mixture of English and Pennsylvania Dutch. When the girls were in the middle grades they attended a small Catholic school, which closed down, and the students were transferred to a boarding school, Gonzaga, in Germantown. There they were confirmed as Catholics, lived in the school, wore uniforms and perhaps technically qualified for a brief period as orphans in an orphanage. Next attending Carson Valley School, Lisa lived in the school but later went to high school at Springfield near by.

An arrangement was made by which Lisa lived with a family in a prosperous suburb, acting as a baby-sitter to two small children, while she went to school. Her duties were limited to baby-sitting so domestic work wouldn't interfere with her education. But, said Lisa, the man of the house added duties. "He was like very methodical," Lisa said, "and when I heard his footsteps on the top of the stairs in the morning I was supposed to pour his coffee, so it would be ready



IN GRADE SCHOOL, LISA LIKED POE

when he got to the table. So I asked to be placed with another family."

All these moves from school to school and from household to household didn't add to Lisa's happiness. The elementary fact in the background of her scholastic difficulties was that she had become a stunningly attractive girl, but a girl without the normal safeguards and emotional bulwarks which parents and a stable home life provide in the trying years of adolescence. As she moved from place to place there were some disenchanted encounters with men older and more experienced than she. She was at first shocked, then embittered, and she took out her disenchantment on her teachers. She was living at home and attending Roxborough High School when "the student guidance person came to see

me," said Lisa's mother. "She told me that Marienne was the stranger and most difficult case she had ever seen. She was deliberately putting down the wrong answers when she knew the right ones." She mystified the school authorities, who regarded her the way the police might regard a man who broke into banks to leave money in them. She had some confused notion she would be popular if she appeared to be dumb.

After she quit school she jumped from

Lisa said that this period in her life, before she turned 20, was dominated by a love affair. The man was older, and through him she was associated with people who had a good deal of money and education, and she felt that she was at a disadvantage. She decided that she ought to have a college education. But she still had nearly two years of high school to complete, and she was now older than most high school students. She became a special student at Temple,

discovered chess, and while it would be wrong to imply that the game was her salvation, it is certainly true that it took her out of herself and matured and disciplined her. With its terrific demand for concentration and its competitive zest, chess proved to be a creative activity for an intellect that had never before found an outlet adequate to its emerging powers. And her first victories gave substance to vague and almost childlike dreams and ambitions that had been lost before



BLIND HORSE BUCKY (ABOVE) WAS PET OF LISA AND SISTER EVELYN. LATER, AS TEEN-AGER, LISA (RIGHT) EXERCISED HORSES

job to job with phenomenal speed. Her half brother, William Dennis, was in the Navy, serving on the *Malaya*; her sister Evelyn had married a young engineer and was living in North Carolina; but Lisa's life was almost absurdly disordered and, emotionally, the tables had now turned on her. "I had 13 jobs in less than two years," Lisa said, her cheeks reddening. "I was always getting a crush on the boss." She rummaged in a drawer where she kept her chess scores and brought out a sheaf of W-2 forms for income tax returns. There were only 10 there, from 10 old and eminent Philadelphia drug, metallurgical and research laboratories—which displeased her, because she remembered there had been 13, and for a chess player memory is as important as a good arm for a pitcher.

but spent much of her time working at her high school classes. The love affair moved into a state of suspension; the man went abroad, they corresponded, but she no longer saw him. She was resentful and bitter, self-conscious about her age among students younger than herself and sarcastic during the long interviews with the student adviser.

While she was still a student at Temple there was a catastrophe: she was driving her mother's car, and as she drew up to a stop light an elderly woman stepped from the curb and the car struck her. The woman was 78 years old, and died five days later. Lisa was not at fault—she was released after questioning—but her state of mind was nightmarish. It was at this crisis in her life that she

in loneliness, isolation and despair.

Such was Lisa's background before she became a champion. In an ill-advised moment she had invested the last of her savings, which didn't amount to much, in a bookstore, becoming the partner of a lawyer and a poet in The Trident, on 20th Street near Walnut in Philadelphia. As it was largely stocked with poetry, there were few customers. Lisa began to play chess at the Philadelphia coffee houses—the Gilded Cage, The Proscenium, Humoresque and the Artist's Hut, just around the corner from the quiet elegance of Rittenhouse Square and only a few steps from her bookstore.

"I began to win all the time," she said, "and I was starting to think I was pretty good. But of course I didn't know anything about chess. I'd never seen a book

about it. One night a man came into the Artist's Hut who knew the openings, and he beat me in a few moves." For the first time Lisa discovered that there was a literature of chess. Lisa's informant was Arnold Chertkof, a big, round-faced boy who played on the chess team of Temple High School.

"I met her," said Arnold, heaving a sigh. "I played with her. She was very interested. She wanted to improve."

Arnold was a member of the Franklin-Mercantile Chess Club, then housed in a handsome old home on Locust Street, in an area of churches, luxury hotels, studios, real estate offices, and imbued with a faded, centuries-old charm.

"I took Lisa to the club," Arnold rambled on, "and she became a member. I got Attilio Di Camillo to watch her play. I sort of had to persuade Di Camillo to do it."

"She impressed me at first as just another college girl with an interest in chess," said Di Camillo, a slight, dark, intensely serious chess master who studied music until arthritis ended that possible career. But under Di Camillo's teaching Lisa improved so fast that chess with said he had hypnotized her, that they were Svonigall and Trilby. In fact, however, Lisa was studying chess with an interest she had never felt for school work. "I'd stay up until 3 or 4 in the morning," she said, "as long as anyone would play with me. I worked 8 or 12 hours a day on chess. I'd work with Di Cam all morning and then play chess at the club all afternoon and evening. Then the next morning Di Cam and I would go over the games, and he would point out what I did wrong." Lisa played at the Franklin-Mercantile Club, and her appearances created quite a stir, mostly because her volatile temper and extraordinary competitive drive seemed to project her into crises after crises. One in particular bothered older club members, though they tend to be extremely reticent when the subject is broached. "I don't want to go into the rights and wrongs of it," said a member. "Both sides were at fault. There was a good deal of feeling stirred up and—well, it seemed best that Miss Lane and the other member be suspended."

"I never hit that guy with an ash tray," Lisa exclaimed indignantly, when asked what had happened. "I didn't even throw it at him. It hit the table and broke, and a piece must have bounced up and hit him!"

Apparently a friend of Lisa's had won a game of chess on which some money had been bet. He was at the point of leaving with Lisa when he was asked to play another game, which Lisa did not



RUSSIAN CHAMPION Valentina Bariznik is strongest opponent Lisa will face in Yugoslavia.

want him to begin. She was the only girl present, and she heard some remark or other that angered her, and the altercation followed. An important match was approaching with the powerful Ukrainian Club chess team, and Di Camillo, who did not know that Lisa had been suspended, included Lisa among the players. They were ready to leave for the Ukrainians Club—"I never did find out where it was," Lisa said—when Di Camillo was told that Lisa could not play. He threatened to resign and, as he was the best player in the club, the difficulty was worked out. Lisa was restored to full membership.

Lisa, however, no longer cared to play at the Franklin-Mercantile, and she spent more and more time by herself. But one bleak December night when she was alone in The Trident, Arnold Chertkof and Attilio Di Camillo appeared:

Di Camillo had been invited to play in the tournament for the U.S. championship in New York. Lisa looked up The Trident for the last time and went to New York with them.

The tournament was a famous one. It was the occasion when 14-year-old Bobby Fischer won the title and proved decisively that he was the best chess player in the country. Returning on the train to Philadelphia, Lisa remarked afterward how impressed she was by Fischer's victory, and Di Camillo told her, "If you're willing to work you can be the women's champion in two years."

He was uncannily right. It was precisely two years later, minus a few days, that Lisa won the U.S. women's title. She won the women's championship of Philadelphia in March 1958, three months after Di Camillo's prophecy. She entered the U.S. Open in Rochester, Minn. in the summer of 1958 and won six of her 32 games, by no means a bad debut. After that she settled down to systematic work in preparation for the U.S. women's championship. She now had a responsible job in the purchasing department of the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia, but she concentrated on her game in all possible moments away from her work. In the spring of 1959 she finished first among the women entrants at the U.S. Amateur Championship tournament in Ashbury Park, N.J.

Thus, in December 1959, when she met the eight ranking U.S. women players to compete for the U.S. women's championship, she had been tested in only two major events—the U.S. Open and the Amateur. After she won her first game (from Mrs. Lena Grunette of Hollywood, Calif., who had contended for the championship in 1948), Lisa lost most of her nervousness. She won another game, drew one and then captured four in a row, an unprecedented record for a beginner. She had clinched the title when she met Mrs. Gisela Greiser, a former champion, in the last round. They drew their game.

Mrs. Greiser will also be playing in Vrnjaska Banja this fall. A pleasant woman of easy charm and cultivation, Mrs. Greiser's background contrasts

remarkably with that of Lisa. She lives in a Park Avenue penthouse, is a patron of art, an amateur musician, a minor poet of considerable interest. She is married to a lawyer, has two sons, travels a good deal. She enjoys the exotic atmosphere of international chess tournaments, and she is a superbly poised representative of the U.S. whether she wins or loses. But she has often represented the U.S. before and lacks the intensity of Lisa

women's world champion was held in Moscow in 1959 there was no question but that one of the Russians, most likely Ludmila Rudenko, would win it. In the first round Mrs. Gresser met Mrs. Rudenko in the Hall of the Soviet Army and decisively defeated her. It was not merely a victory, but a debacle, an overwhelming triumph for an unknown American woman over one of the strongest women players in history.

But it was almost the last such U.S. victory. Despite her first-round loss to Mrs. Gresser, Ludmila Rudenko won the world championship, and Russians wound up in the first four places. They have monopolized the field ever since.

When Lisa drew her last game at the U.S. women's championship tournament with Mrs. Gresser and so became the U.S. champion, Mrs. Gresser smiled and congratulated her. In Vrnjaska Banja when she and Lisa meet the Russian women, they are not likely to meet such good-natured opponents. The most powerful they will face is Valentina Borisenko, who has won the Russian championship three times. If Lisa and Mrs. Gresser get past her they will still have to defeat Kira Zveroykina, who won the last challengers' tournament in 1959. Zveroykina is a 41-year-old engineer.

If Lisa and Mrs. Gresser should hold their own with Borisenko and Zveroykina, they will still be up against Larisa Volpert, three times women's champion of the Soviet Union, an expert in French literature at the University of Leningrad. And if they get past her, they must face two promising and attractive newcomers: 19-year-old Nona Gaprindashvili, a language student who has been playing chess since she was 3, and 23-year-old Tatyana Zaitsevitkaya, both decorative girls with dark Oriental freshness. And these are only the Russian contenders; there will also be two from West Germany, two from Yugoslavia, two from Rumania and one each from Hungary, South America and the Far East.

Beyond all of them is Elizaveta Bykova, the world champion, who will not be playing in Vrnjaska Banja but who will be waiting in Moscow prepared to meet the winner. What chance will Lisa

have against such opponents? "I think Lisa can go to Yugoslavia and win the candidates' tournament," said Bobby Fischer, after analyzing Lisa's games, "and then go on to Moscow and win the women's championship of the world."

Lisa herself does not say so. What she said was that if she could spend another year like her first year in chess she would have a good chance. She developed startlingly that year, so she is unquestion-



FORMER U.S. CHESS CHAMPION Greta Gresser is experienced contender for world title.



WORLD CHAMPION Elizaveta Bykova, Soviet economist, will defend crown in Moscow.

Lane, who considers the tournament in Vrnjaska Banja to be the most important of all world events.

In fact, Mrs. Gresser is exceptional even among international women chess stars, whose infant prodigies, scholars and glamorous personalities abound. She could read and speak Greek and Latin at 8, graduated from Radcliffe with honors and worked as an archeologist in Greece. She learned to play chess on an Atlantic crossing in 1936, took lessons, studied the game and in 1940 finished third in her first tournament for the national title. She was third again in 1942, and won the title in 1944. In 1948 she was co-champion with Mona May Karff.

Vera Murchik Stevenson, the greatest of women chess players, was killed by a buzz-bomb in London, and when the international tournament to name a new

ably right, but what may not be understood is that such years are rare in any sport. Soon after she won the U.S. women's championship, Lisa married Walter Rich, a Philadelphia advertising man and commercial artist. She played relatively little chess for a year or more after her marriage (she is now divorced), and as De Camillo was no longer teaching her, she felt herself to be losing her competitive edge. So she entered tournaments in Boston and Washington and last summer played in the U.S. Open in St. Louis. She made the best showing any woman has ever made in the Open, but she was dissatisfied with her record, and she concentrated on refining her game rather than developing creativity as she had done previously.

Last February, Lisa was given a \$1,000 grant by the People-to-People Sports Committee to enable her to prepare for

(continued)

the international tournament. She moved to New York, sublet an apartment in Greenwich Village and enrolled in the Russian classes at the New School so she could read the massive accumulation of chess literature that is now available only in Russian. She hired a chess teacher to work with her daily and suddenly discovered that her money was running out. She began to give exhibitions of simultaneous chess matches in schools and

fact that she had had nothing to eat all day.

During this time Lisa began to form a notion of what a champion should be and how she should live. And she decided to become the first really successful professional woman chess player. It did no good for her friends to tell her that her ambition was impractical. She wasn't undertaking the work just because it might be financially rewarding, but

keeping up to her top competitive form despite the limited number of chess tournaments, opponents of wildly uneven ability and considerable emotional turmoil on her part. And she is still more commonly regarded in chess circles as a good-looking girl who plays chess than as a chess champion who needs consistent training. Almost desperate for competitive tests as the date of the world tournament in Yugoslavia approached, Lisa wangled a trip to play in the Western Open. She financed it by two days of simultaneous exhibitions in Gimbel's department store in Milwaukee, across the street from Plankinton House, where the tournament was held.

At the tournament itself, where she was one of six women among the 162 entries, there was ordinarily a crowd of 20 to 30 spectators around her table, compared to half a dozen around the superb games of Robert Byrne, the grand master who finished in first place. Lisa herself easily finished first among the women, but she dropped two games to men players who were ranked far below her and was in such despair that she momentarily planned to leave the tournament, give up listening to comments about her good looks and her bad moves and give up chess. But then she won the next two games brilliantly and immediately began looking forward to more victories, more tournaments—and a new dress.

She was scheduled to play in the U.S. Open in San Francisco later this month, but found she could not afford the trip across the U.S. as well as the one to Europe. The women's chess Olympics, in which she and Mrs. Gussner will play as a team, are to be held in Eindhoven, The Netherlands in September. This tournament will give Lisa the most sustained period of high-level chess she has known since she began to play and may well condition her enough to give her a chance against the solid Russian phalanx she is soon to meet. Win or lose, she has already created a lasting impression on the game she loves. Where, in the history of this ancient sport (or in what other activity, for that matter), have brains and beauty and personality been so intriguingly combined?

END



WITH ROBERT FISCHER, LISA REPLAYS GAMES OF BUSUANE TEL AND ROTWINK

clubs, getting from \$75 to \$100 for these. She also became something of a television star, appearing on half a dozen programs, from the *Ernie Kovacs Show* to a news broadcast. Her schedule became extremely crowded. During one week not long ago Lisa played in a minor New York tournament, where she was the only woman among 48 contenders; appeared on a television show between her games; took part in a radio show on chess the next morning; played on the New School chess team against Columbia University (she won her game against Robin Ault, the U.S. junior champion); and was interviewed and photographed by the Associated Press, a news magazine and *The New York Times*. She enjoyed the sudden blaze of recognition, but at one o'clock one morning during a week of triumph she realized that the fading of weary helplessness that was overcoming her might be related to the

she thought it ought to be done. She believes that chess is bound to become more and more popular, that there should be people working at it all the time. "It sounds foolish to say it," she said, "because even the best men players don't seem to be able to make their living by chess, and no woman ever has. But I think that I may be able to do so, and at least some one should try."

Lisa usually breakfasts on a roll and coffee, plays over new games or works over the old games in new chess books. On days when she doesn't have a Russian class she likes to lunch leisurely at the Fifth Avenue Hotel or at Charles'. In the evening, unless there is a party (there generally is), she may stop in at Rosalino's Chess Studio on Sullivan Street or at the Marshall Chess Club on West 10th, a quiet and relaxed private club that made her an honorary member.

Her problem is still the old one of

What's the Matter With 75?

It's the minimum age for players on the Kids and Kubs, teams that make up a league of capering oldsters in St. Petersburg, Florida

by JOHN DURANT

Many fans now in their 50s remember Roger Peckinpaugh as one of the finest shortstops in the days of Sisler, Cobb and Ruth. He won the American League's Most-Valuable-Player award in 1925 and retired two years later at 36, ending an 18-year playing career. Not many fans, however, will recall Roger's father, Frank. He also was a fine shortstop and he could hit better than his boy. Frank batted over .400 a couple of seasons in the 1940s (sic) when he was at his peak. He played for 10 years and

finished as an active player at 83, more than 20 years after his son was washed up.

There's a catch here, of course. Old man Peckinpaugh played for the Kids, one of the two teams (the other is the Kubs) of the Three Quarter Century Softball Club of St. Petersburg, Fla.

This remarkable ball club, which played its 33rd season this year, is the only one of its kind in the world. You have to be at least 75 years old to get on it, and you have to be a good ballplayer, too. A great many more men come out

for the team at tryout time in November (the season runs from December 1 to early April) than there is room for. The active players' list of 34 is always full and there are no duds on it.

This is not to say that anyone looks like Stan Musial or Ernie Banks out there. But they run. They catch flies on the run and they run the bases and sometimes forget themselves and slide into them. They are not supposed to, but no one ever gets penalized for it. At the plate they take a full cut at the ball and often go down swinging. They scoop up grounders, bring down liners with one-handed snubs, make double plays and hit inside-the-park homers.

There has never been a major league ballplayer on the club but a number

(continued)



FLASH DAVE HIGGINS, ST., WAITS FOR PITCH THAT WILL SHOW HIS STYLE AS THE FASTEST-RUNNING OCTOGENARIAN IN THE WORLD



IT'S RINGING AGAIN, SPRINGING INTO A TAGOUT AFTER A GALLANT TRY AT AN INSIDE-THE-PARK HOME RUN. GAVE US

Kids and Kubs *continued*

have played industrial and semipro ball. All the players have athletic histories or have been active out-of-doors men, and they took it. They are slim and alert and highly competitive. Most of them are holler guys. They sass the umpire and sass each other. Sometimes they have to be pulled apart, even members of the same team.

That happened in a game this year. A grounder was hit to Kib Shortstop Walter Lebergood (80), who played for Albright College in 1908. Lebergood, who wears a full beard and the standard uniform of peaked cap, bow tie, white shirt with long sleeves, white duck pants and tennis shoes, fielded the ball perfectly. But his throw was low. It pulled First Baseman John Eichhorn (77) off the bag and the runner was safe. The enraged Eichhorn slammed the ball hard into the dirt. Lebergood didn't like the gesture and advanced toward first, shedding his glove on the way, his beard bristling. Eichhorn walked forward and the boys met behind the pitcher's mound as 1,500

people in the stands rose to their feet. The Kibcatcher and captain, Bill Davis (78), flung himself between them. The ruckus wound up as so many do—with the antagonists nod at the peacemaker.

High spirits have characterized the club ever since it was founded in 1930 by Mrs. Evelyn B. Rittenhouse, a former actress turned social worker. She was assisted by Dr. H. M. Emery, a St. Petersburg physician. Before the first game Dr. Emery, fearing that the codgers would keel over by the dozen if they ran, instructed them to walk the base paths and never to run after a ball in the field. His warning was soon discarded. Everybody ran, the doctor held his breath and nothing happened.

Men with One Bench

Mrs. Rittenhouse, who still sits on the bench at every game and is Mom to all the players, was not alarmed. "Let them run," she told the horrified doctor. "If they drop dead running the bases, they'll die happy, won't they?"

Since then the Kids and the Kubs have clashed more than 800 times and

there has been only one casualty on the field due to a heart attack. In the stands the toll has been much heavier, though. At least 15 people have toppled over during the games, according to Dr. Charles S. Lincoln (91) the first-aid man for both teams, who wound up his eight-year playing career in 1953.

"I don't have much to do," says Dr. Lincoln, a retired Bowdoin College physician. "The boys take good care of themselves and know their limitations. Injuries are minor—mostly jammed fingers and pulled muscles from starting for first too fast after hitting the ball."

Most spectators feel that there should be more injuries, the way the players rattle around the field. A good example is Dave Higgins (87), the oldest man in the game except for Billy Black (89), the Kids' pitcher for 15 years. Higgins is a pint-size ex-mail carrier from upstate New York with spring in his legs. He is the fastest man on the field and loves to run the bases. Whenever the Kubs need a substitute runner, Higgins is always the man.

Bating averages run sky high in the



ALSO USED AS A PITCHER WARMER

elders' game. The first 10 batters are generally above .430 and the first five are always in the .500 class. One reason for this is that age is kinder to the batter than to the pitcher or fielder. Bunting skill does not seem to diminish as fast as fielding skill, and the pitching is, understandably, on the slow side and without deception. Hardly anybody strikes out and a number of balls get through the infield that would probably be stopped by, say, men of 60.

In his prime at 76

The highest mark in history is the .697 made by Ed Forrest in the 1955-56 season when he was 76 and in his prime. The Cubs' outfielder, like several of his clubmates, was a bike racer in his youth. His U.S. amateur record of 1 hour 39 seconds for 25 miles, made in a race against 57 competitors in 1908, still stands. Forrest has slowed down a little and is used mainly as a pinch hitter.

Another candidate for the club's future Hall of Fame, which the members hope will soon be a reality, is the controversial John Maloney. For nine years

continued



Glamorous as
mexico city

**Golden
Aztec**

ROLLS
ROYCE **jet**

\$10450

NO TAX
Coronita is after-tax discounts
from Chicago. Pay Later Plan,
only 10% down.

GO GOLDEN AZTEC on magnificent Rolls Royce
Coronita departing to Mexico City, so quiet they
never need "silencers," so powerful you cruise
severely way above the weather. First Class
and Tourist... cuisine, wines and service are
"siempre adelante" (always ahead). MEXICANA
flies to 25 cities south of the border.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

MEXICANA
PAN AMERICAN affiliates

232 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 4 • HA 1-3585

Still available to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**
readers the six Russell
Hoban paintings of... **GREAT**
reproduced in
full color on a
panel measuring
over 3 feet long **SPORTING**
MOMENTS

Send your name and address, along with \$2 for 1970
complete set (11 paintings), to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
645 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois.



Cora



THE
QUIET
VERMOUTH

A good vermouth
should mind its own
business and Cora
adds just the right
note of discretion to
your martinis or
manhattans. Try a toast!

IMPORTED • Sweet or Dry
Schiffman & Co., New York

FOLONARI
PREMIUM
ITALIAN WINES
**SOAVE • VALPOLICELLA
BARDOLINO • CHIARETTO**

Schiffman & Co., N. Y.



It is
1643
when
you
drink

**Würzburger
hofbräu**

Unchanged for over 300 years
Original Beer Importers: Dittus Co. Inc., New York 16, N. Y.

this fine-looking, white-mustached man with the erect posture of a youthful athlete has been the most dependable pitcher on the team. Last year, at 83, he was the leader with 17 wins, 6 losses. After he pitches a seven-inning game, he goes home, takes a shower and then goes fishing for the afternoon (the three-weekly games start at 10:30 a.m. and are generally over at noon). Of all the players to grace South Waterfront Park (where the teams play all their games and often outdraw the Cardinals, who train alongside them in Al Lang Field) the gruntest and most colorful was George Yeasberger, the Babe Ruth of the ancient. Home runs were his specialty.

The club has a unique home-run rule. You may get a homer by hitting the ball under the stands. No one, not even George Yeasberger, ever hit a ball into the stands. They are 282 feet from the plate in centerfield and about 240 feet along the foul lines. Driving the ball through the outfielders so that it rolls under the stands is an automatic homer. Homers are not easy to make. Any player who gets 10 during a 40-game season is certain to be the high man. Last year Bill Davis topped the list with eight.

Twice around the bases

Home run records weren't kept when George Yeasberger was in his heyday (from 1932 to 1940) but those who saw him say that he tried to make a homer about every other game. He would hit line drives that would keep on rolling almost into Al Lang Field. George liked to run the bases and may have been as fast as Higgins. Whenever he hit a home run he would circle the bases fast and then, just for the heck of it, he'd go around again. Rounding third the second time, he would turn carewheels all the way home and finish with a hand-spring at the plate.

The most dramatic homer, however, was made some years ago by a player whose name is forgotten. The only thing remembered about him is that he lost his shoe south between third and home, dropped to his hands and knees to look for them while the ball was being relayed in from the outfield, and recovered them in time to score.

A few concessions are made to age in the Kids and Kubs game. Seven innings is the limit, tie score or not, and there is an intermission of 15 minutes at the end of 3½ innings. When the pitcher

hits he may have a substitute runner (where's Higgins?) if he wishes. Base stealing and bunting are outlawed (too easy to get away with), the bases are 60 feet apart and, to prevent tripping, have no padding.

These rules help tighten up the game and keep scores down. Seven runs are generally enough to win and shutouts are rare. Errors are rather frequent in this game, due mostly to bad throws. But the general play is by no means loose. Dou-



GEARD BRISTLING, Walter Lichenood swings freely, like a Currier & Ives player circa 1855.

ble plays are common. On one golden day (February 11, 1960) the old boys pulled four double plays and two triple plays in one game. (The National League that year had only one triple play in 618 games.) The feat was accomplished in successive innings, each team making a triple play. Statistics on the six players making the patouts show: four pairs of gloves, a hearing aid, 474 years total age.

About half of the players have come up from the Half-Century Softball Club, whose more agile members range in age from 50 to 74. This club also has two competing teams that play three games a week in the same park. Only in St. Petersburg can a 50-year-old look ahead to a possible 35 years of playing ball.

The Half-Century boys attract a capacity crowd of 1,500 on Sundays when they play a girls' team, but the oldsters are

more popular and outdraw the others over the season. The Kids and Kubs have often played to 3,000, especially when the game is for charity. There is no admission charge to any of the contests, but the hat is passed around and the teams average close to \$100 a game. The take for charity sometimes exceeds \$300.

The club uses the money to buy equipment and uniforms. Both teams wear identical uniforms except for the color of the caps—red for the Kubs, blue for the Kids. Each player gets \$5 a month laundry money to keep his uniform spic and span, and he does or he hears from his captain.

Early practice

Before a game recently an ancient came up to Mrs. Ritterhouse, who was sitting on the bench, and presented his rear to her. "I think I sat in something, Mom," he said seriously. "Are my pants clean?" Mom, who is barely old enough to be eligible for the team, gave him a passing mark and he joined his clubmates at practice.

The men show up at 9 o'clock the days they play (Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday) and practice for an hour and a half. After the game a number of them stay on and get in another hour's drill.

Dr. Arnold Anderson of St. Petersburg once examined several players and was amazed at their physical condition. As a result his ideas on exercise for the aged were completely changed. "I used to tell the oldsters to take it easy," he said. "Now I tell them to exercise to their heart's content as long as they can do it without distress."

The players are fond of saying that the game "adds years to your life, and life to your years." There is no doubt that this is true, but more than that, perhaps, is what it does to the spectators, most of whom are beyond middle age.

"You have no idea how many old guys in the stands have told me how we've helped them," says John Maloney. "Any number of them have said to me, 'I thought I was a goner, as good as dead, until I saw you boys play. I'll never feel that way any more.'"

The players' cheer, which they give when they line up on the diamond before every game, well expresses their no-hill-with-age philosophy. It goes:

What's the matter with seventy-five?
We're the boys who're still alive;
Hi ho, let's go,
Rah, rah, rah, seventy-five.

END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

Good pitching by Ray Sadecki, Bill Stafford, Don Schwall and Richard Shelton has caused concern. Though all their names begin with S, the real point is that they are all youngsters between 20 and 24. Their performances (a joint 33-14 record) have stirred talk that the young pitchers are dominating the game. However, a comparison of the 20 top pitchers (according to ERA) in both leagues for the past two seasons indicates that the oldtimers are more than holding their own. The average age of last year's top 20 in the AL was 28.2. This year it is up slightly to 28.5. Newcomers have made some inroads. Last year there were just four top pitchers between the ages of 20 and 25. This figure is now up to nine. In 1960 the average age for the 20 best in the NL was 27.2. It has crept up this year to 28.3. Here, too, there has been an increase (from seven to nine) in the number of pitchers under 26.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Don Drysdale beat over to tie his shoelaces, and for Los Angeles manager Walk Altman that was the high point of a near-perfect week. Johnny Podres won twice, the Dodgers took six straight and moved into first place, but Drysdale's innocence art had possibly more significance than any of these feats. Drysdale led the Phillies 2-0 in the fourth when he made a wild pitch that let in a run. Normally, he would have had a fit of pique and a fast shower. Instead, Drysdale leaned down, untied and then rinsed his face. "Why pitch when you're mad?" Drysdale said,

echoing advice he had scorned for years. Alvin Dark, San Francisco manager, also applied some psychology. He sent out Juan Marichal, who had failed to finish six consecutive starts, to face the Pirates and told him he would have to go all the way. Marichal looked at the empty Giant bullpen, realized that Dark meant it, struck out six of the first nine batters and won a five-hit shutout. Milwaukee needed its bullpen, got five relief from Don McMahon and split eight games. Lou Boudreau pitched a two-hitter, but Bob Wahl did even better, throwing a one-hitter and winning twice. Weak hitting (.190 and just eight extra-base hits) in the final five games stymied the Braves' drive, which still carried them past Pittsburgh and into fourth. One reason the Pirates fell was the ineffectiveness of the pitchers, particularly Elroy Face, whose ERA soared from 2.57 to 3.69 in one week. Art Mahaffey's ERA also ballooned, and the Philadelphia Phillies were deeply concerned. On Memorial Day he was 6-3, but last week he became the longest pitcher in the majors as his record reached 7-14. It was an especially bad week for the Phillies, who lost six of seven, plus a 5-2 defeat by their Class A Wilkes-Barre farm team. Cincinnati, too, suffered an embarrassing loss. For the 11th time in 18 games the Reds lost to the Cubs. There were two major faults: only two double plays by the Reds and 12 homers by the opposition. In all, those of Chicago's first wins were by one run, and both the Cubs' losses were just as close. St. Louis, which has the worst record in one-run decisions (7-21), lost four games by this margin.



BIGGY BELIEVERS were the Cubs' Barney Schultz, who got one win in three tries, and A's Gerry Staley, who pitched five times.

logged off from a double-header ("I felt washed out,"), then went out and hit four home runs. Chicago Manager Al Lopez said, "I never saw so many balls go so far so fast." His own team had only two homers and lost five of six. Milwaukee had just the opposite record. The Twins made their hits count and had three game-saving relief jobs by Ray Moore. Bob Allison, though batting .330, was a prime example of making each hit count. With his 78 hits he has 74 RBIs, and last week his pair of two-run homers beat the Tigers 4-3. Detroit had two other one-run losses and fell two games behind the Yankees. Cleveland also slipped further back. In one game the Indians got 12 runs and 17 hits, but in their four losses they had just eight runs and 37 hits. Two of the Indians' defeats were to last-place Kansas City, which was three of its last five. This was quite an improvement after losing 22 of the previous 27. Artie Walker, trying for a comeback at age 22, won for the first time in six weeks, and 40-year-old Gerry Staley won for the first time in 43 weeks. Dick Donovan, 33, won his seventh game for Washington, but the pitching that had been so strong earlier was gone from bad to worse. Los Angeles was not exactly worrying the Yankees either, but the Angels did split six games, making them 16-10 for the month and putting them just one game out of sixth place.

TEAM LEADERS

NAT. OR. LEADER	BA	HR	ERA
LA. Nixon	.217	13	2.00
SD. Robinson	.247	10	2.11
ST. Spivey	.222	10	2.10
SD. Karp	.224	10	2.10
PH. Bore	.255	10	2.10
PH. Bore	.255	10	2.10
PH. Bore	.255	10	2.10
PH. Bore	.255	10	2.10
PH. Bore	.255	10	2.10

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NY. Mays	.258	10	2.11
DET. Cash	.257	10	2.11
DET. Cash	.257	10	2.11
DET. Cash	.257	10	2.11
DET. Cash	.257	10	2.11
DET. Cash	.257	10	2.11
DET. Cash	.257	10	2.11
DET. Cash	.257	10	2.11
DET. Cash	.257	10	2.11
DET. Cash	.257	10	2.11

THE SEASON

Boston's Pete Runnels was finally presented with the silver bat symbol of the 1960 batting title that he won 5½ months earlier. The rest of the Red Sox, however, seemed to carry lead bats. They got enough runs for Don Schwall to win twice, but in between they batted .148 and lost four straight to Baltimore. Orioles pitching was superb, holding the opponents to a .172 BA and recording a 2.00 ERA in the final six games. Mickey Brown extended his scoreless inning spring to 23 by shutting out New York, which got some good pitching of its own. In the last six games the Yankee pitchers had a 2.17 ERA and held their foes to a .209 BA. The Yankees swept four games from the White Sox, hitting 12 homers in the first three games. Roger Maris almost

BEST	WORST
Batting (NL)	Clemens, Phil 100
Batting (AL)	Cash, Del 100
Win %	Robinson, Cy 32
Win %	Robinson, Cy 32
Win %	Robinson, Cy 32
Win %	Robinson, Cy 32
Win %	Robinson, Cy 32
Win %	Robinson, Cy 32
Win %	Robinson, Cy 32
Win %	Robinson, Cy 32
Win %	Robinson, Cy 32
Win %	Robinson, Cy 32

How to
make your
money grow
up with
your family



They'll need more than money. They'll need a peaceful world to grow up in. U.S. Savings Bonds are shares in a stronger America. Buying them helps your country assure freedom's security.

The only bills that don't grow right along with your kids are dollar bills. But you can make your dollars grow 400—by investing them in U.S. Savings Bonds. Say you start to put \$1.25 a week into U.S. Savings Bonds when your daughter is three years old. By the time she's in high school—and wants shoes and dresses and the beauty shop for herself instead of for her doll—you'll have close to \$1,900 to help you meet those "growing-up" expenses. And over \$600 will be earned interest.

Why U.S. Savings Bonds Make Good Saving Sense

- You invest without risk - You now earn 3 1/2% interest to maturity - You can save automatically on the Payroll Savings Plan - You can buy Bonds at any bank - Your Bonds are protected against loss, fire, even theft - You can't lose your money - You save more than money—you buy shares in a stronger America.

You save more
than money with
U. S. Savings Bonds



This advertisement is donated by The
Advertiser Co. and its subsidiaries.

**FOR
THE RECORD**

A roundup of the sports information of the week.

BASEBALL—The spaced American and National League All-STAR Game of the season, played on Boston's Fenway Park, ended in a 1-1 tie in five innings play at the end of the ninth. The Japan's Ryoji Okamoto slammed a home run off Cincinnati's Bob Feller in the first to give the AL its one run. In Lower 'Rd' White drove in the Sox's Babe Ruth in a single in the sixth for the NL's only

WATER QUALITY—While Cuyahoga County's drainage system, was designed to divert as much of the sewage as possible from the Cuyahoga River, over 100,000 gallons of sewage flow for the 210-mile run was 11,111,111 gallons. Joseph Kottig, a health officer in the Cuyahoga County Health Department, said, "It is likely that some small homes with a septic tank will be found."

BOBBY EMILE GRIFFITH, schoolweight champion since April, crumpled through a close 10 rounds with middleweight Verna Bahama of Trinidad, W.I., was made by decision.

RALPH DOLPH, four-barreled, no-nonsense from New Orleans, abandoned his usual dancing style, leveled the fight to Gary Bowlin to take a 12-round split decision at Madison, Ala.

Quesada—Jared Farmer took parts of 26, 40 and 60 feet on the road above today in our investigation. Don Jaramy at 177 and sent the 364-800 PCA Championship at Chicago's Olympia Fields CC. I was a player (see page 15). Farmer was the last winner on the state lists of these places when January had one two shots and missed a 10-foot putt for a hole-in-

WARRIOR BROWN SU MAC LAD (13.5) finished 1st in the 1st of a 2-day "Tour of the Grand Canyon" (17,000 ft. humpback) drive, Jan. 30-31 (1st in second race, with Randy Dwyer driving, the 7-year-old covered the mile in a scappy 2:00 1/4). Bred for a winner this season, but much younger (31 years). **MIDRIVER** (SU, 6K, 13.4) took the third leg of the Hawaii Stakes of Astoria race at Sunset Downs at 5 lengths. Owned by 214 Wildlife Care (Miami, Fla.). 3 to 4-year-old gelding. **WARRIOR** (SU, 6K, 13.4) finished 1st in the 2nd of a 2-day "Tour of the Grand Canyon" (17,000 ft. humpback) drive, Jan. 30-31 (1st in second race, with Randy Dwyer driving, the 7-year-old covered the mile in a scappy 2:00 1/4). Bred for a winner this season, but much younger (31 years). **MIDRIVER** (SU, 6K, 13.4) took the third leg of the Hawaii Stakes of Astoria race at Sunset Downs at 5 lengths. Owned by 214 Wildlife Care (Miami, Fla.). 3 to 4-year-old gelding. **WARRIOR** (SU, 6K, 13.4) finished 1st in the 2nd of a 2-day "Tour of the Grand Canyon" (17,000 ft. humpback) drive, Jan. 30-31 (1st in second race, with Randy Dwyer driving, the 7-year-old covered the mile in a scappy 2:00 1/4). Bred for a winner this season, but much younger (31 years). **MIDRIVER** (SU, 6K, 13.4) took the third leg of the Hawaii Stakes of Astoria race at Sunset Downs at 5 lengths. Owned by 214 Wildlife Care (Miami, Fla.). 3 to 4-year-old gelding.

[illegible][illegible]

WIDE SMILE (114.40) took the lead at the start, and held it to win the \$100,000 Man o' War Handicap at Aqueduct 2 1/8 lengths in front of Beane Farver's *Flamingo*. Other 8-year-olds, a 3-year-old gelding, with Belmont Garden up, covered the 1 1/2 miles with 100's of other horses in 2:58.7/5.

WHODUNNIT (50 CBS): High Five Season's damask-brocade bedspread, and a 2.30 slot for the second time in three years, on the 501,800 Sunset Boulevard set closing off an Hollywood Park, Cal. lingerie store of Mrs. Connor King's Shere Co. Under Mammi! Fracas, a hot fire from New York for the race, Whodunnit ran the 1A, only on a hot 2.30.

The annual Keweenaw carcass sale of Thompson's herd yearlings took in a record \$4.15 million for 199 yearlings. Top price of \$400,000, highest ever paid for a yearling, went for a chestnut son of Swamp, owned by Lester Combs II, New owner: John Olin, rifle manufacturer. A daughter of Swamp was purchased by Mrs. Elizabeth Graham for \$70,000. Highest price ever paid for a NY yearling.

HORROR SHOW—FRY SMYTH, of Britain and her husband, the last living victim of the Spanish Flu, taking his chance. Perils—the combination that won a gold medal in the 1966 Olympics—for the John Players team in the Royal International Show at White City, London.

Winnipeg.—Hort St. Catharines Rowing Club captured a record 441 points to win the ROYAL CANADIAN HENLEY REGATTA in St. Catharines, Ont., over the Detroit Boat Club, regatta champions for the

last three years, by more than 100 points. For the first time, St. Catharines took the longest night, sinking the 46, 100 yards in a record six strokes in 11 seconds. Seymour Greenwell, 25-year-old son-in-law from the Cambridge, Mass. Riverdale Boat Club, took the single shot for the second straight year, by 3.4, of a 46-4 in 10 days. Knight of Philadelphia while Doug Hill of Philadelphia lived in a 3.4-long victory, as the High School singles, covered the 100 yards in 3.11.

WOMEN: In a display of unexpected power the U.S. shot bow of the 10th place in Japan's National Championships in Tokyo. After setting a world record of 231.5 in qualifying for the 200-meter bow, Brooke Lane, Ohio State's first, Indiana University's second, shot down the 100-meter world record in the 200- and 200-meter events. Tom Stock won the 200- and 200-meter events. Lane shot a 200-meter 2:04, the better one of 8:10 as a second off his pending world record. Shigeru Imai of the same club, trained by the California's Ray Ziegel, 16, who beat Japan's top choice swimmer, Yasuhiro Yamazaki, in the 200-meter freestyle by a full three seconds, shot a 11.4, a record for the world. Best Japanese performance was a world record of 2:01.3 in the 200-meter freestyle. Lane shot a 2:01.3 in the women's 200-meter freestyle.

YOUNG IN THE NATIONAL BOYS AND GIRLS
Championships in Chattanooga, Tenn. — Carlos
Gonzalez, Fla. defeated Omer Votawick of Kentucky,
Calif., 5-3, 6-1 to win the 11-and-under 125 lb. while
Derek Hankins of San Rafael, Calif. beat Votawick's
younger brother Randy 6-1, 6-0 for the 11-
and-under 105 lb. In a close match Freddie Bar-
lowicz of Harrisburg, Mich. defeated Paul Napp,
S.C., 5-0 to 9-0 for second consecutive title on the
11-and-under 125 lb. *Associated Press.* **Shirley**
Lynch of South Miami, Fla. beat the 10-
and-under 105 lb. *Associated Press.* **Robert**
of Gulf Breeze, Fla. 6-1, 6-3 to win the girls 11-
and-under 105 lb. *Associated Press.*

WELLS, JOHN MURPHY of Long Beach, Calif., defeated Jovani Bocka, a left-hander from St. Louis, 5-1, 4-6 to win the women's singles at the 1999 U.S. Open Championship in Maryland, Pa. **JONES, DAVID** of Santa Monica, Calif., defeated Frank Kneibling of Coral Gables, Fla. 6-2, 6-1, 6-0 to win the men's singles.

YOUNG & WILD After a brief run the U.S. team flew from London to Warsaw for the last and what many thought might be the hardest meet on its calendar—April 1st of Berlin, Germany, England and Poland, in nearly weather that was unbecomingly 121-91, to complete a sweep of all four medals and top all past nation years that one U.S. victory some of its brightest stars, might be because, in the women's half the Netherland, the U.S. 27. The winner

MINI COMPACTING

[illegible]

ADDITIONAL COMPETITION

[illegible]

PETE MCARDLE, of the New York RACNet Club, defeated Mike Adams of the Capital City (Calif.) AC by more than a mile to win the AAU 30-kilometer run (19 1/4 miles) on 1-27-84.

Wrestling triumph. There's a lot of success still at the British amateur championships in London, the first in Poland's high weight. Wladimir Razanovskiy, who weighed 287 pounds, the second in Russia, weighed just 245 pounds. Kazimierz, who weighed 200 pounds, is better known known for his first round, the third in another Russian, world heavyweight champion Yuri Vlasov, who gained 435 1/2 pounds.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

B—A.P. Chicago Star Times, A.P. 12, Salt Lake, 14, San Francisco, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844,

The Safest Play in Baseball

By Bill Mazeroski

2nd baseman of the World
Champion Pittsburgh Pirates



Someone recently asked me what I thought was the safest play in baseball. After thinking for a moment about sacrifice bunts, the walk, and even ignored plays, it struck me. It has to be the home run.

The home run I hit in that last ballgame of the World Series was certainly the safest play I ever made and ever hope to make.

When you come up to bat in the bottom of the ninth, the score is tied, and it's the seventh game of a World Series... a lot of things go through your mind. Most of 'em have to do with money and it's too late for transactions.

The first baseball that Ralph Terry hit me looked a little like an aquatic table as it went by for a ball. The next one looked real fat and I swung from the arfies. The next of this but hitting the ball was the postcard music I've ever heard. The ball was over the fence and the Pirates had won the prize. There I really needed a tranquilizer!

I don't have to tell you what a thrill it was for me. All of Pittsburgh was off in orbit and I was back to make it all the way around the bases—that it was and the safest play I could have made. Those "Beat 'em, Boys!" fans might have laughed on all if we hadn't won that seventh game.

The Pittsburgh fans were great all season. But, like all fans, they love a winner. Speaking of winners, I can tell you that the safest thing I ever did was to hit that home run.

Speaking of safety, I believe in carrying it into my private life, too. That's why my car is equipped with Lee Ultra M 200 Tires all around. They're the safest thing on wheels as far as I'm concerned.



...and the safest thing on wheels

LEE ULTRA M 200



Never before a tire—or a tire offer—like this

BUY TWO OR MORE LEE ULTRA M 200 TIRES, DRIVE FOR 10 DAYS. IF NOT CONVINCED THEY ARE THE FINEST TIRES YOU EVER HAD, RETURN THEM AND GET EVERY CENT BACK (and your old tires remounted free)

We dare make this unique offer only because we honestly believe this is the finest tire in Lee of Conshohocken's 78-year history. Many things contribute to make it so. One is Lee's mileage pellet rubber which is blended at a new high pressure and speed that results in tougher tread for top mileage. Another is Lee's Twin Circles of Protection (see illustration)—the outer circle a tremendously improved anti-skid design, the inner a guard against blowouts made possible by steel-strong Super-Tensile nylon cord, specially developed by Lee. Thousands of Lee Dealers, coast to coast, now have the Ultra M 200. See the one nearest you. Take advantage of the 10-day introductory bargain. You have nothing to lose, everything to gain. Lee Tires are the safest thing on wheels.



**FAMOUS FOR
FINE PRODUCTS
SINCE 1883**

GARANTEE The Lee Ultra M 200 is guaranteed against all road hazard damage for the life of the tread. Adjustment, if necessary, based on original tread depth remaining, pro-rated on current Lee suggested resale price.

LEE OF CONSHOHOCKEN

To find your nearest dealer, look in the Yellow Pages—or write directly to "Tire Dept." Dept. 11,
LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION, Conshohocken, Pa.
Republic Rubber Division, Youngstown, Ohio • Industrial Rubber Products

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE RIVER

Sir:

In its own way Robert Cantwell's piece (*The River That Will Flow Forever*, July 17) ranks with Haringway's own famous story about the Two Hearted.

PATRICK A. NUTT

Kenneth Square, Pa.

Sir:

Cantwell is so be congratulated on capturing every part of the Two Hearted River in exact detail. I have just completed a canoe trip down its entire length and have found only a small flaw in his story. My partner and I did see a meek.

BOB O'CONNOR

South Bend, Ind.

Sir:

I wonder how many of your readers were prompted to go and find the story of *Big Two-Hearted River* to read the original.

HELEN S. DUMPHY

Hartford, Ct.

PITCHED

Sir:

Of all the reading I've done in over 40 years *No-no-no! Doctor and His Living Lab* (July 24) is the most unadulterated high-wash I've ever run into.

EDWARD H. CLARK

San Francisco

Sir:

The piece about Dr. Dichter admirably illustrates how ridiculous psychology can become when misused.

COYD WALKER

Baltimore

OBVIOUSLY

Sir:

The National Boxing Association appreciates your *Screaming* article (July 17) exposing the facts covering the reason for the McNeeley-Patterson exhibition. However, you stated "It is perfectly obvious to everyone but an NBA commissioner that the proposed McNeeley fight is intended only to keep Patterson in action while not unduly risking his title." I assure you it is obvious even to an NBA commissioner.

There are many people involved in a championship fight and I assure you any one of them would like to have the opportunity to earn enough money so they could pay more taxes. As far as Patterson and the tax situation is concerned if he, and all the

other top money earners in boxing, would do as the NBA suggested four years ago, give the government a just share of their purse at the time of the fight, as our companies deduct for Uncle Sam from you and I, Patterson would not have no trouble with his taxes and may even get a refund.

In conclusion—what about the Public—isn't the public entitled to a fair value for the money they pay for a seat?

The responsibility of every commission is to only approve bouts that are evenly matched.

DAVID OTT
President, NBA

Cleveland

MISPUT SHOT

Sir:

The athlete you pictured putting the shot in the Moscow riot admittedly is "hugs," but he is neither 18 years old nor Gary Gubner (*The High Meet the Mighty*, July 24). I believe that a chuck will prove him to be 24-year-old Jay Silvester, an Army first lieutenant stationed at Fort Ord, Calif., who placed second behind Gubner in Moscow. COLONEL JACQUES E. LEWIS
Special Services, USA

San Francisco



THE REAL GARY GUBNER

● For a more accurate likeness of Gubner, see above. —ED.

Sir:

Army Lieutenant Silvester, the man you pictured, is even better known as a discus

thrower and could easily become the world's first 280-footer.

STEPHEN GOULD

Cherterly, Md.

BEAR OLD DAD

Sir:

What America needs is more Jim Hajeka (Par on the Back, July 24). What this young man and his companions have demonstrated so beautifully is that parents need to get some sandals of their own and leave the kids alone.

JOHN POTT

Oklahoma City, Okla.

Sir:

We're in charge, too.

Here in Penn Valley we, the McKean All-Stars, were given permission to use a vacant lot on Penn Valley Road. We have 40 yards of screening, which we bought and put up in left field (130 feet). A Cyclone Fence is in right field. In center field there is one box seat and a homemade scoreboard. It's a 180-foot drive to deep center.

We kids have a summer league with two teams playing regular scheduled games, and no dads have been involved. We are one of the lucky groups.

WALLY LITTLEWOOD

Penn Valley, Pa.

ANGLING

Sir:

The largemouth bass of Alabama are evidently unaware of Elgin Clump's experiments proving that the colors black and dark red were the best alluring (*Wish Master Them With the Cure*, July 24).

The plastic black worm is probably the most effective lure in those parts. Perhaps our bass are not too intelligent; they get pretty lops.

JOHN B. SCHULTZ, M.D.

Craig AFB, Ala.

(W)ANDUNG

Sir:

Your recent article on camping by caravan (*Family Campground on Wheels*, June 15) admirably points up the automotive boon to insouciance. However, I can't help wishing you had carried your analysis a little deeper to include one serious problem that has arisen with streamlined camping: the plight of the mobile angler.

Each of the 50 states has its own fishing laws and license fees. You can imagine what an effect this has on the bank account; not

only is fine but in times when you unexpected-ly cross an invisible state line. And if this wasn't bad enough, we found two different signs on one bridge in Florida. One sign read, "Brackish water—no license," the other, "Fresh water—license required."

Take the oceans for another example. One generally thinks of the sea as being free. I think we even fought a war back in 1812 to establish that fact. Well, on the East Coast you can surf fish all you want, but out on the West Coast you had better get a license.

Rivers are especially troublesome to an angler who uses a boat. Take the Columbia, for instance; Washington does not require a permit for salmon, but Oregon does. So if you drift across the state line in the middle of the stream without one, an Oregon ward-en may nab you.

If you ever get a yen to fish the mighty and maddy Colorado, you will run into all sorts of frustrating incidents and complications. You get an Arizona license for the Colorado River; this costs \$10 and is good only for the river. You have to shell out another \$9 if you drag your hook in other waters, and \$5 more if you pull in a trout. And, oh yes, you had better get a California or Nevada stamp for your Arizona license; that's another \$2.

If you are still determined to fish and want to try your luck in Lake Mead, you either get an Arizona license and a Nevada stamp or you get a Nevada license with an Arizona stamp.

It seems to me that the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service could issue special licenses on a yearly basis to the tricker who would be good in all states.

RICHARD LANG

Chula Vista, Calif.

IN THE
WINTHROP
TRADITION
OF

Style
LEADERSHIP

WILLOW

Familiar favorite...
the handsome, handbeaten front,
fashioned to a fine point...
now in the lustrous look of
smooth leather! Burnt Olive,
Burnished Brown, Black.

WINTHROP
MEN'S SHOES

ALSO WINTHROP JRS. FOR BOYS
by International Shoe Company, St. Louis
Conferring is Not One of Its Regalia



BOND
STREET
Fourch-Pak

if

you need a fine gift for some lively friends... why not consider a year of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**? Whether a birthday or anniversary present, a house gift, or simply to say "thank you"... SI fills the bill. Send your order today with your own name and address to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Tell us how you wish the gift announcement card signed. Billing later, if you wish: 1 year (52 issues) only \$6.75.



Rich...Meist...
Mildly Aromatic
BOND STREET
Fourch-Pak

When you
DINE Italian,
WINE Italian with
RUFFINO
Italy's Prize
CHIANTI

Red or White
Schieffelin & Co. New York



EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: Alan G. Swell, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Radio City Center, New York 20, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & REPRINTS: Charles A. Adams, General Manager. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and illustrations for change of address to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires 4-6 weeks for new address.

CONTRIBUTORS: REFER U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 pt. \$5.15. All other subscriptions, 1 pt. \$6.00.

OWNER AND PUBLISHER: TIME, Inc. FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM AND HOUSE & HOME, Chairmen of the Board; Andrew Heiskell, Chairman, Executive Committee; Roy E. Casares, Chairman, Finance Committee; Charles L. Sullivan, President; James A. Linick, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; D. M. Brownbough, Senior Vice President; Harold Black, Vice President and Secretary; Bernard Baruch, Vice President; Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckholz, Arnold M. Carlson, Allen Cooney, C. D. Jackson, Arthur R. Marple Jr., Ralph D. Paine Jr., P. J. Preston, William C. Polite Jr. (Comptroller and Assistant Secretary); John F. Warner, Assistant Treasurer; W. G. Darby, Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary; Charles L. Glusman Jr.

PAT ON THE BACK



A good eye for a boat

Ask the oldtimers at the Shennecossett Yacht Club in Groton, Conn. how Archie Chester built his 33-foot centerboard sloop *Grandma Sue* and they'll tell you, "He eyeballed it." What they mean is that the 86-year-old Chester whittled out a three-foot model of his boat without benefit of mathematics, blueprints or tank tests—and then trans-

ferred the model's lines to the full-size craft by sight and feel.

Though this kind of boat building is almost a dead art in an age of computers and technicians, Chester defends it by saying, "I just knew what I wanted."

Two years' work and a good deal of Yankee thrift went into the sloop's construction. The bowsprit is an oak man-

tepiece from a home Chester once remodeled, the centerboard winch and the binnacle were made from scrap brass and the boom is part of a broken mast. But even after a cruise to Florida and back, Chester is not entirely satisfied that his boat is complete. In the near future he plans to build a pulpit on her bow and see how she does as a swordfisherman.



Twin Peaks of Perfection

Expect nothing short of perfection in a drink that's made with Gilbey's, the best name in gin and vodka. The dry, smooth, flavorful taste of Gilbey's Gin... the world's most popular gin... makes a world of dif-

ference in your enjoyment. Choose Gilbey's Vodka and you'll appreciate the way the clear, smooth "heart" of vodka blends so completely. In gin or vodka, the best name to name is Gilbey's.

GILBEY'S the best name in **GIN** and **VODKA**

UNLOCK A NEW WORLD OF FRESH SMOKING PLEASURE

Start fresh— Stay fresh with L&M

Unlock full flavor
every time!

The secret? Flavor-Seal

L&M's special way of moisturizing tobacco to seal in natural tobacco freshness and flavor.

Flavor-Seal locks in the natural flavor of the world's finest tobaccos.

Do away
with
dried-out
taste
for good

L&M smokes cooler, never dries out your taste. You get L&M's modern Miracle Tip, for the cleanest, freshest taste possible. Start fresh today with L&M.



TRY FRESH-TASTING, BEST-TASTING L&M TODAY—PACK OR BOX